NO SONG NO SUPPER,

A

Comic Opera

in Two Acts

As Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE,

The Music

Chiefly Composed & Adapted for the

Harpsichord or Piano-Forte

by

STEPHEN STORACE

Enter'd at Stationers Hall.

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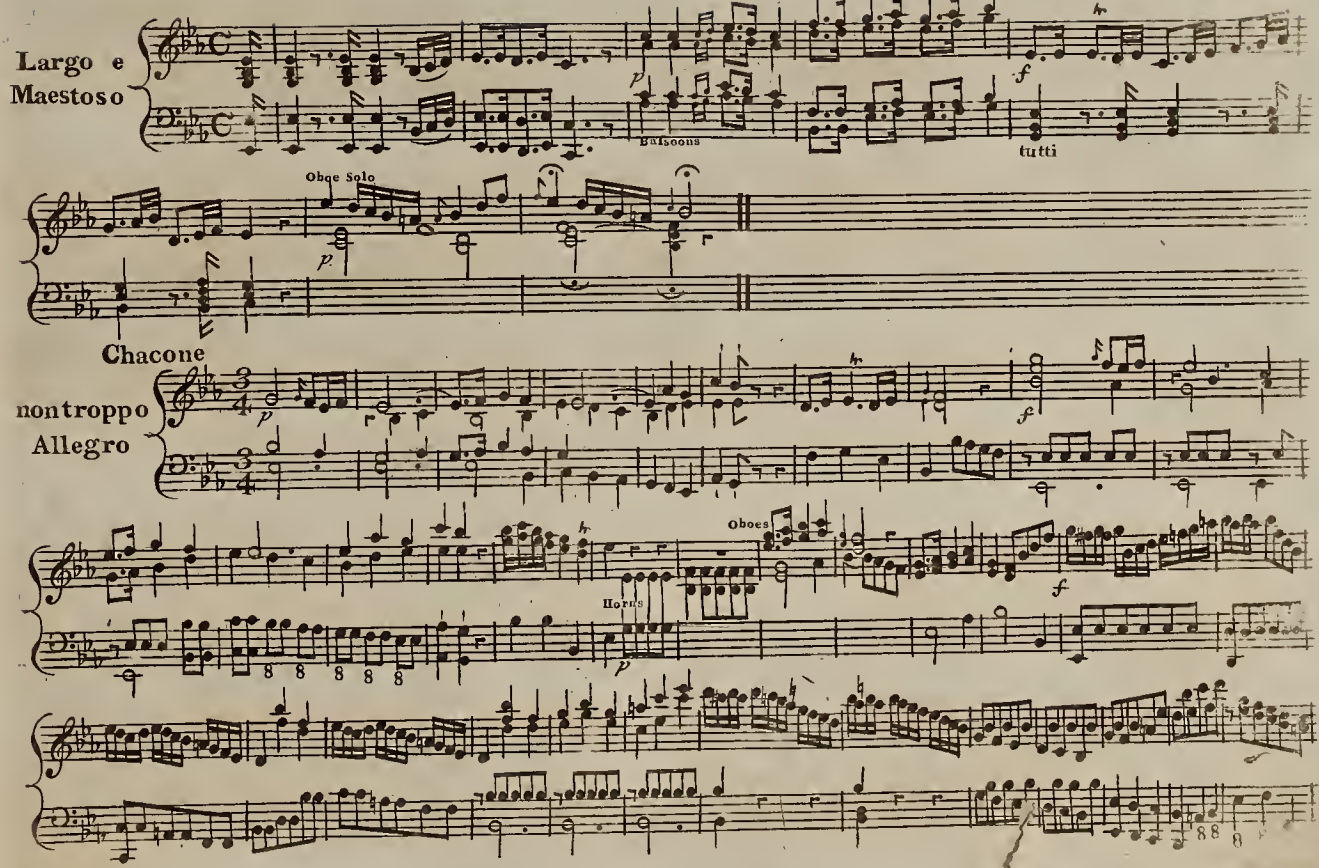
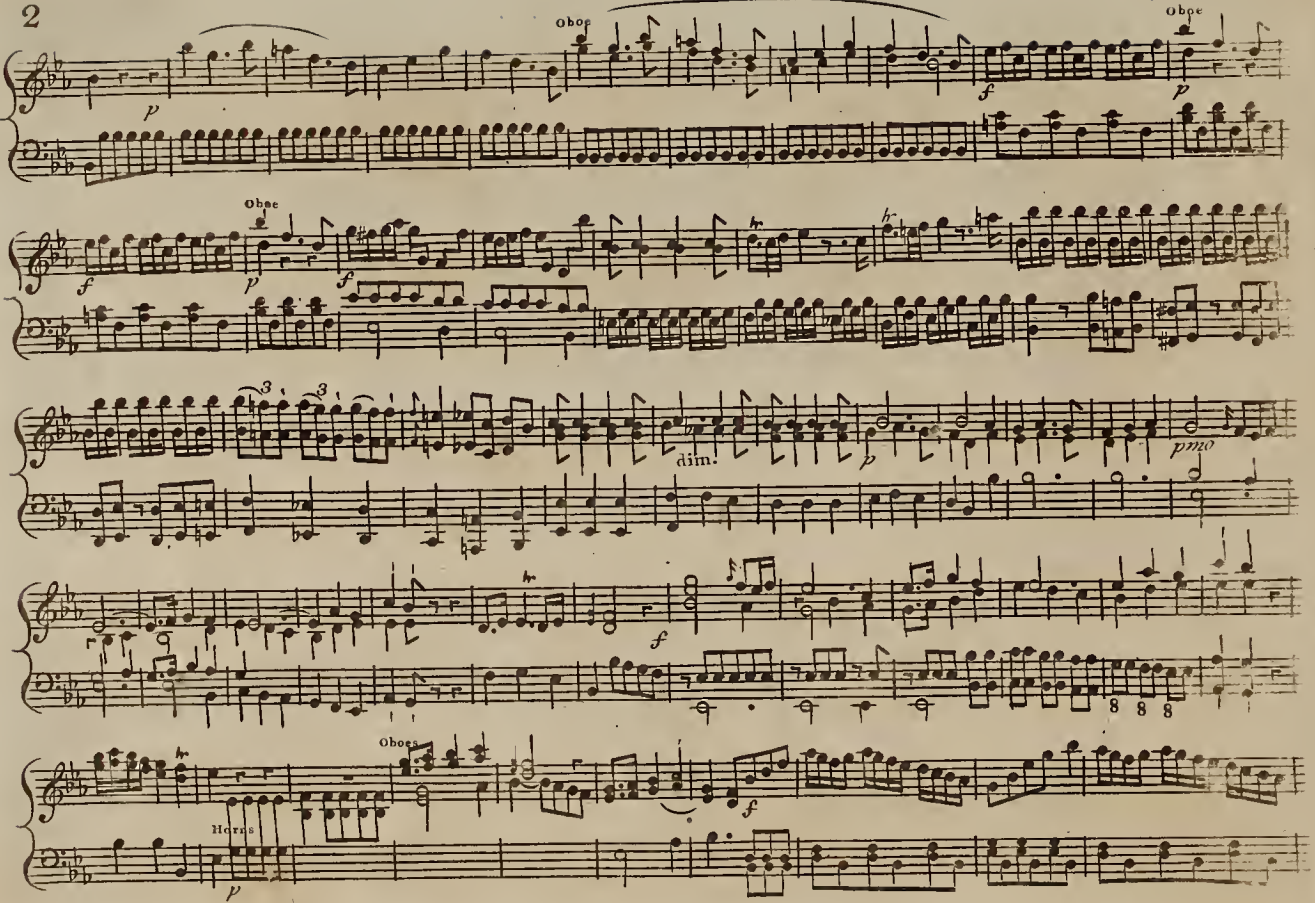
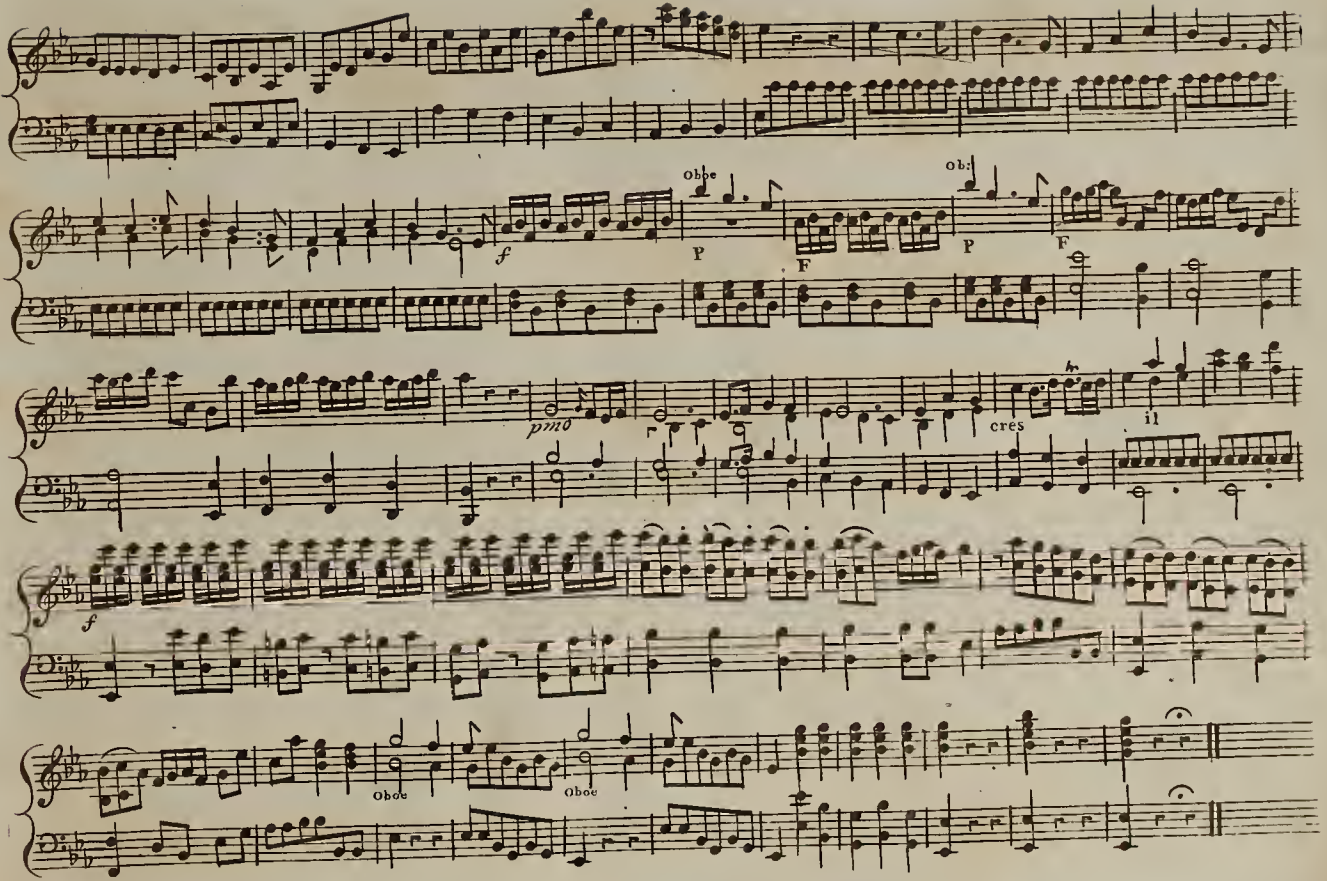

Largo e
Maestoso
Bassoons
tutti
Oboe Solo
Chacone
nontroppo
Allegro
Horns
Oboes


Oboe
Oboe
Oboe
dim.
Horns
Oboes


Obbe
P
F
Ob:
P
F
pmo
cres
il
Oboe
Oboe

Sung by Mr. Kelly

Storace

Largo
Cantabile

Oboe Horns Oboe Oboe Horns Viola po

Oboe

Frederick

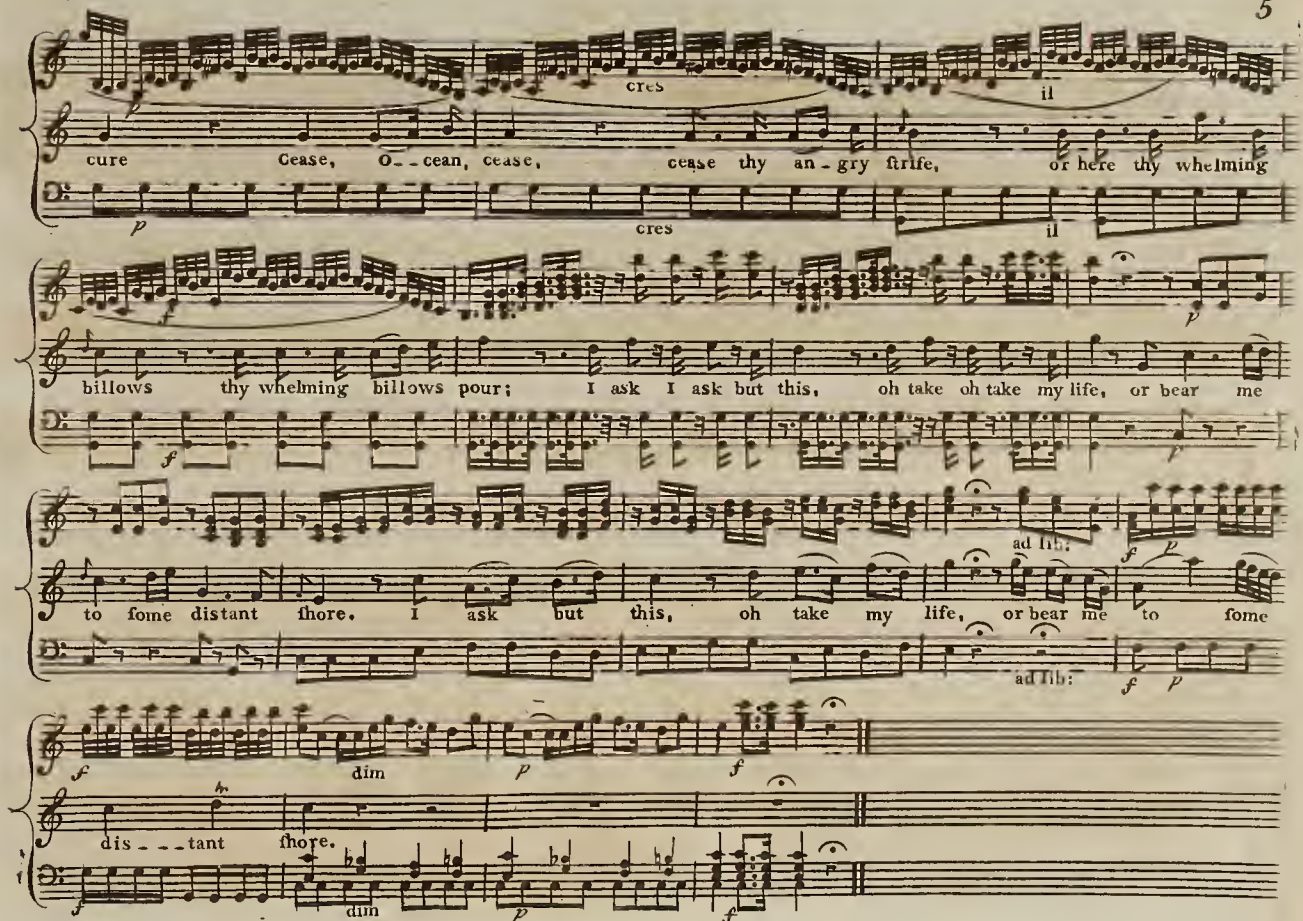
The ling'ring pangs of hope-less Love, con-demn'd, un-pitied un-pitied to endure;

cres cres

p sf f

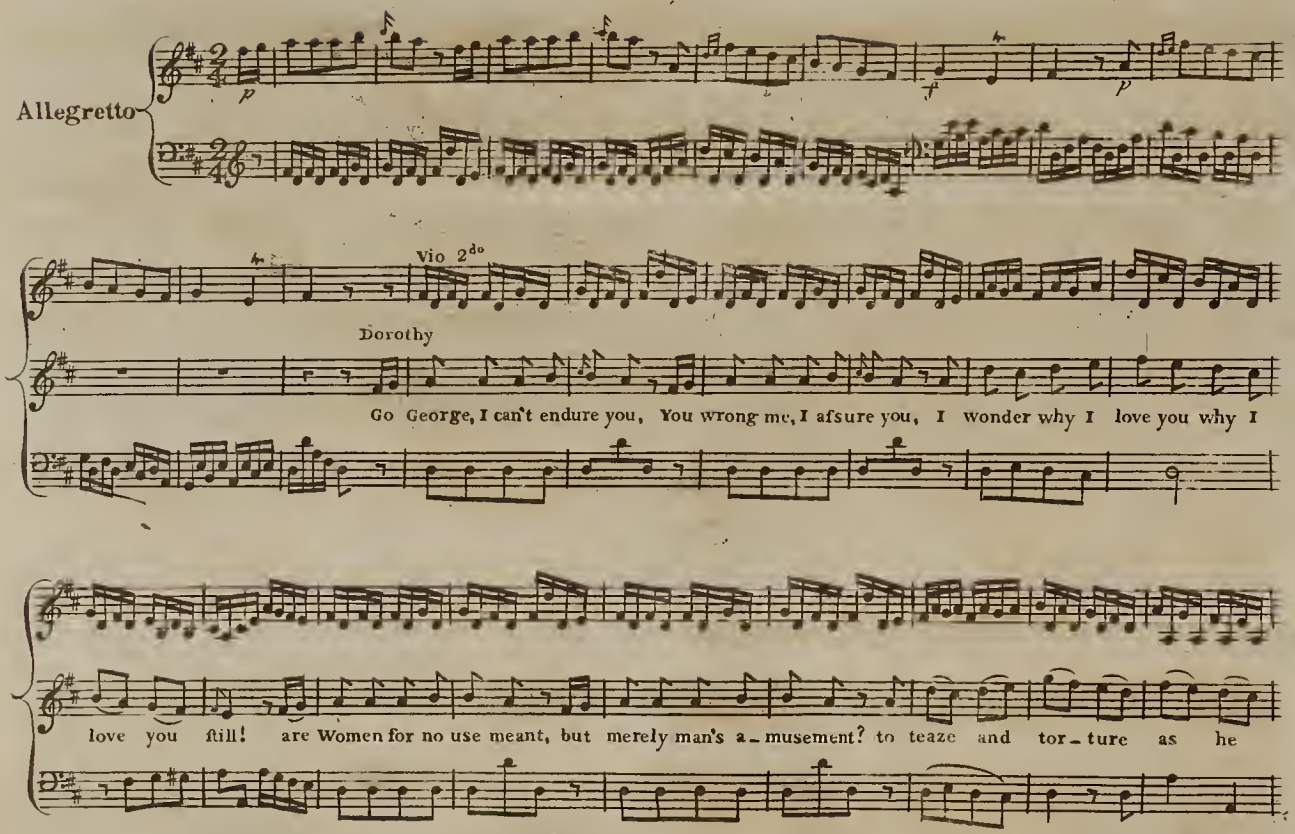
Ah! haplefs fate! by flight, I ftrove to footh the pain I could not cure: to footh the pain the pain I could not

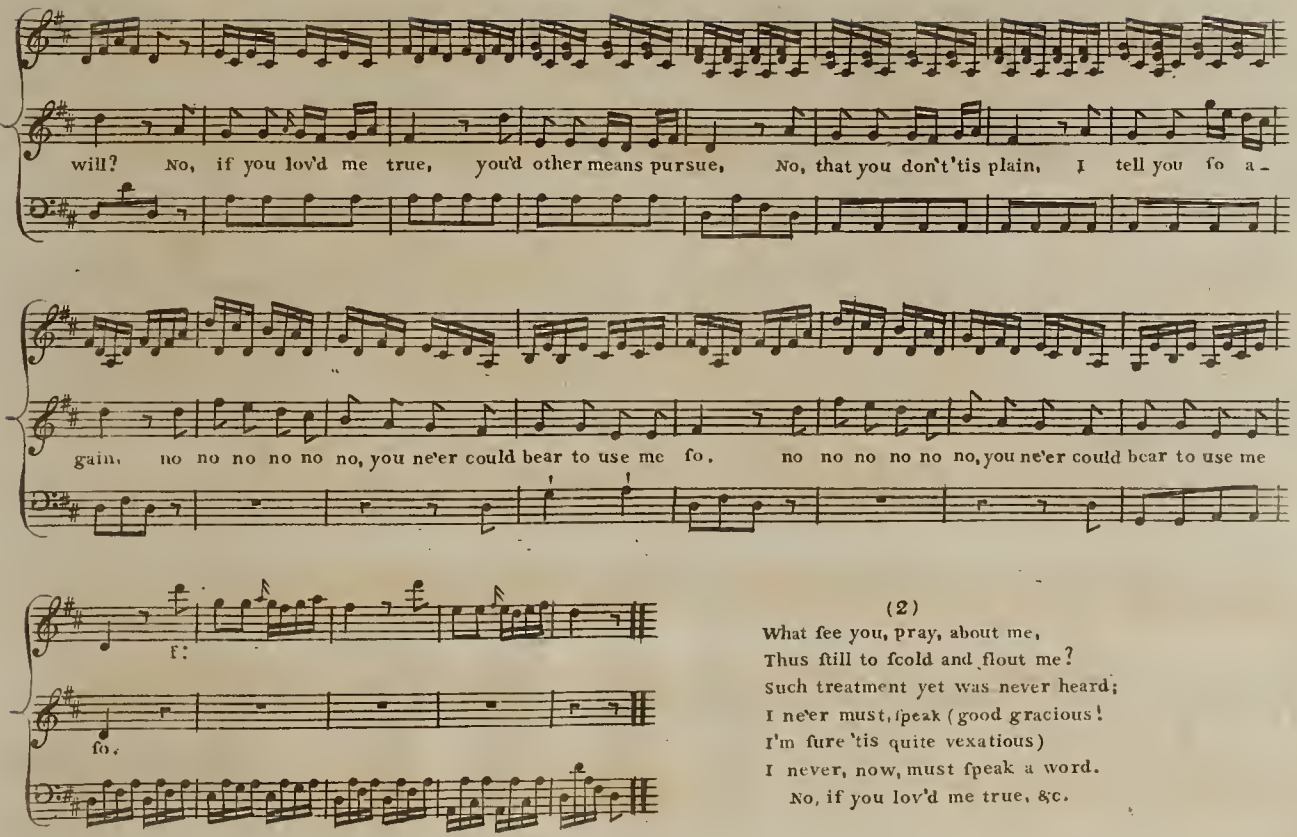
p sf sf f


cres
il
cure Cease, O_ _cean, cease, cease thy an_gry ſtrife, or here thy whelming
cres
il
billows thy whelming billows pour; I ask I ask but this, oh take oh take my life, or bear me
ad lib:
to ſome diſtant ſhore. I ask but this, oh take my life, or bear me to ſome
ad lib:
dim
dis_ _ _tant ſhore.
dim

Sung by Mifs Romanzini

French Air



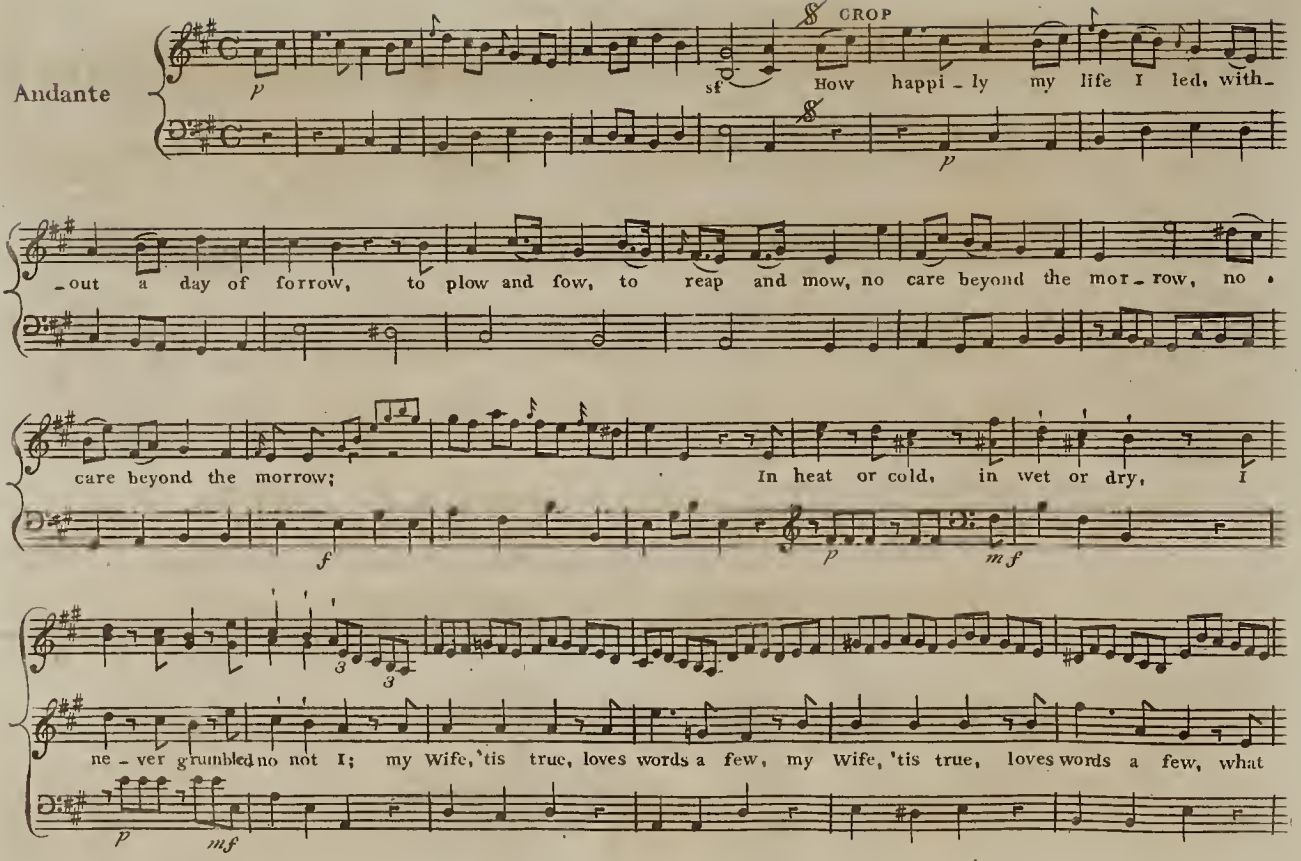


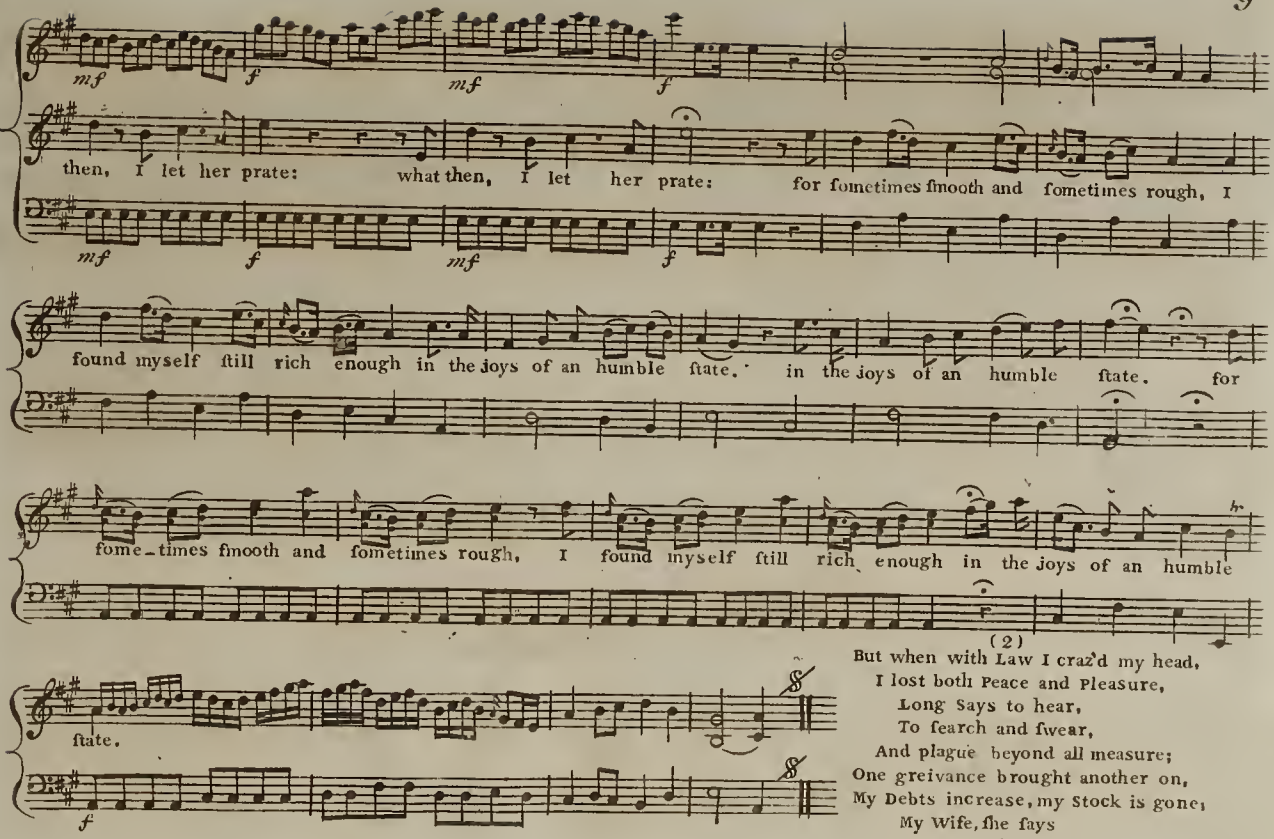
(2)

What ſee you, pray, about me,
Thus ſtill to ſcold and flout me?
Such treatment yet was never heard;
I ne'er muſt, ſpeak (good gracious!
I'm ſure 'tis quite vexatious)
I never, now, muſt ſpeak a word.
No, if you lov'd me true, &c.

Sung by M.r Dignum

Storace





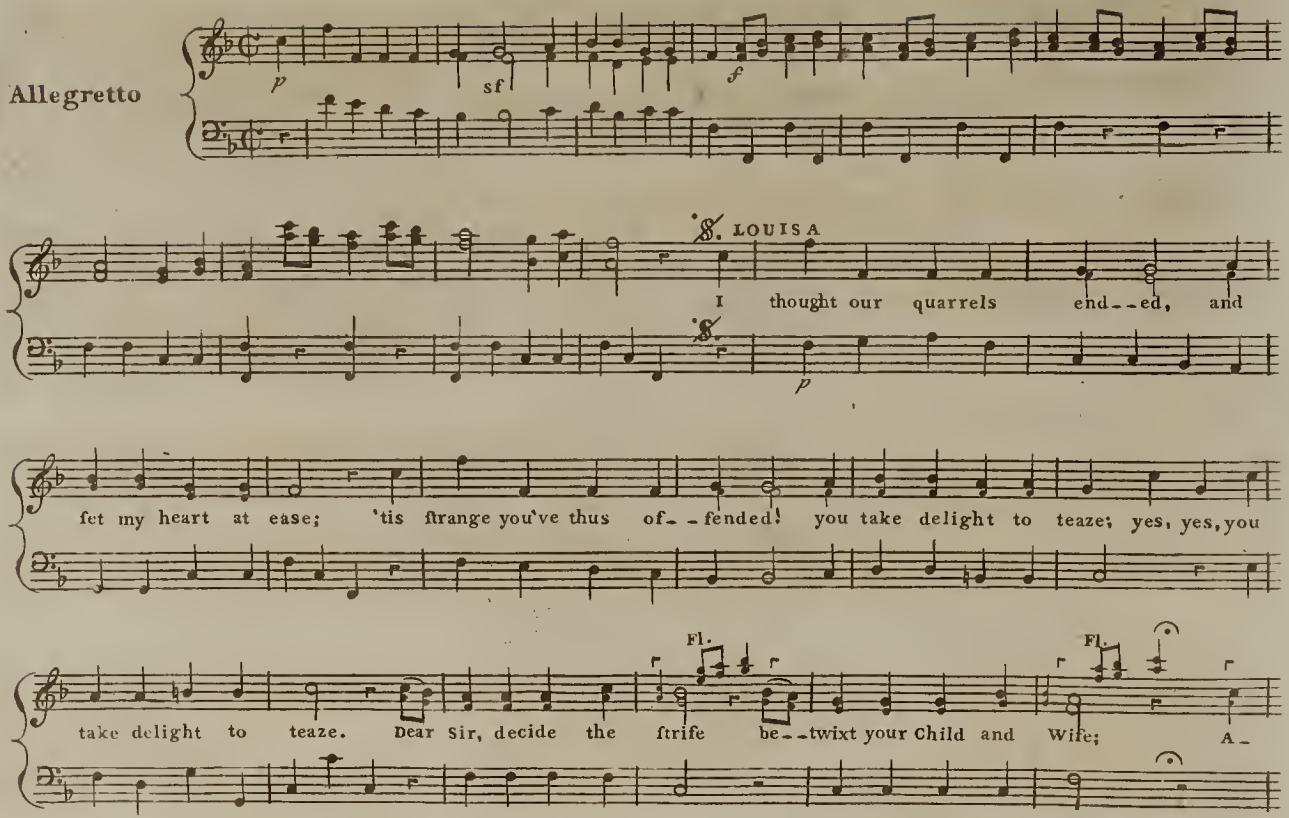
(2)

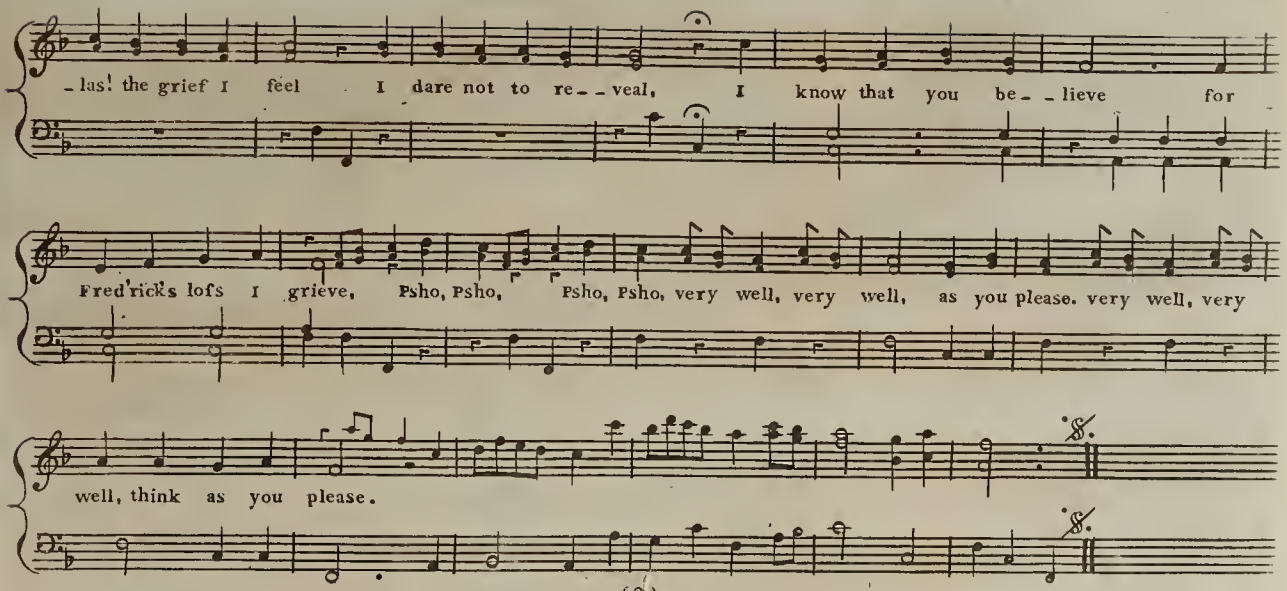
But when with Law I craz'd my head,
I loſt both Peace and Pleaſure,
Long Says to hear,
To ſearch and ſwear,
And plague beyond all meaſure;
One greivance brought another on,
My Debts increaſe, my Stock is gone,
My Wife, ſhe ſays
Our Means 'twill raiſe,
What then, 'tis idle prate,
For ſometimes ſmooth &c.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch

Gretry

Allegretto





(2)

In vain I'm always ſtriving
To make our diff'rence ceaſe,
If you're diſputes contriving,
And will not live in peace;
No, No,
You will not live in peace:
I'm vex'd, dear Sir, for you,
But ſay, what can I do?
To none I can complain,
How cruel is my pain!
I know that you believe for. Fred'rick's lofs &c.

Sung by Sig^ra Storace

Storace

Clarinett Solo

Larghetto

Efprefsivo

p

Viole

Horns

f

MARGARETTA

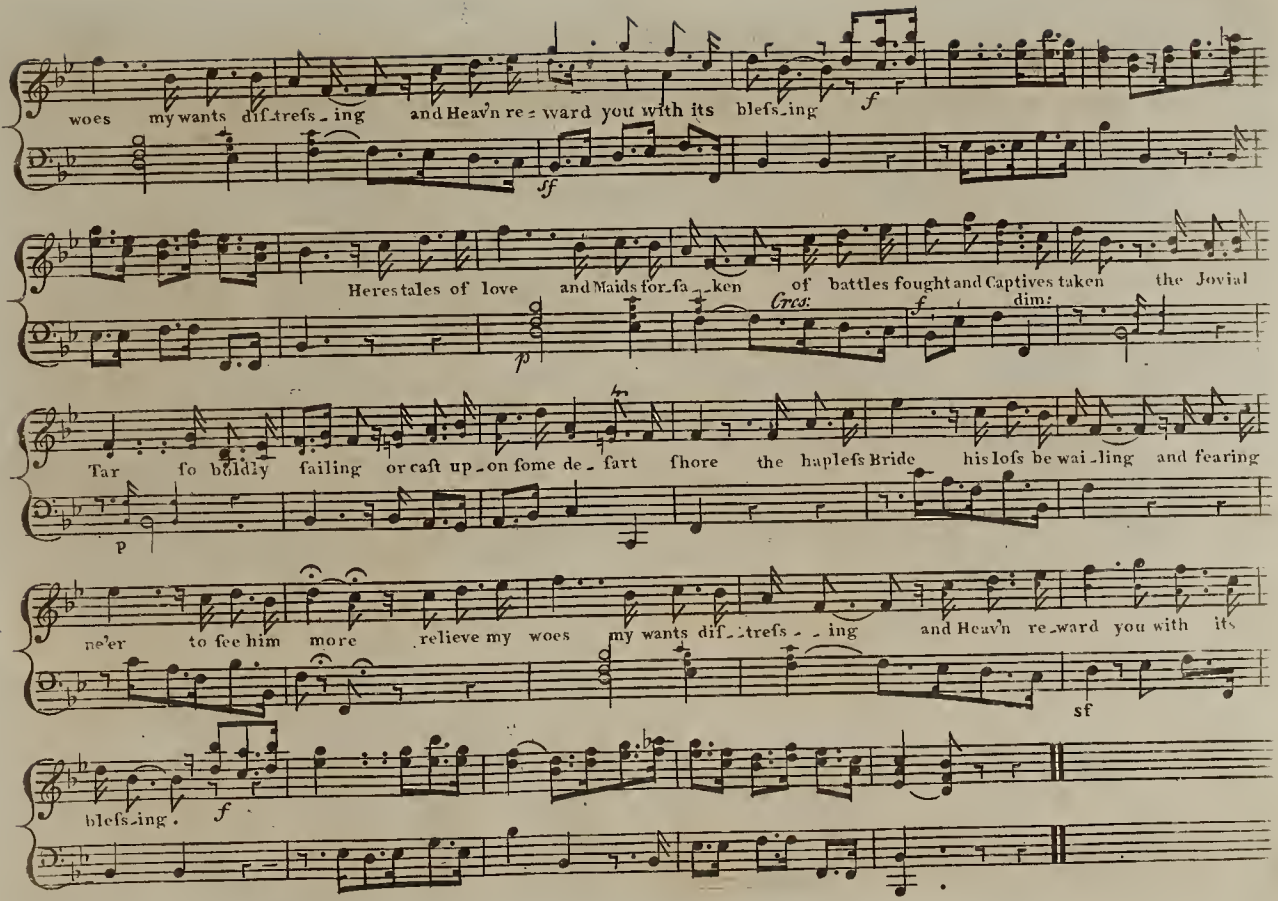
Clar:

With low-ly fuit and plaintive ditty I call the ten - - der mind to pity

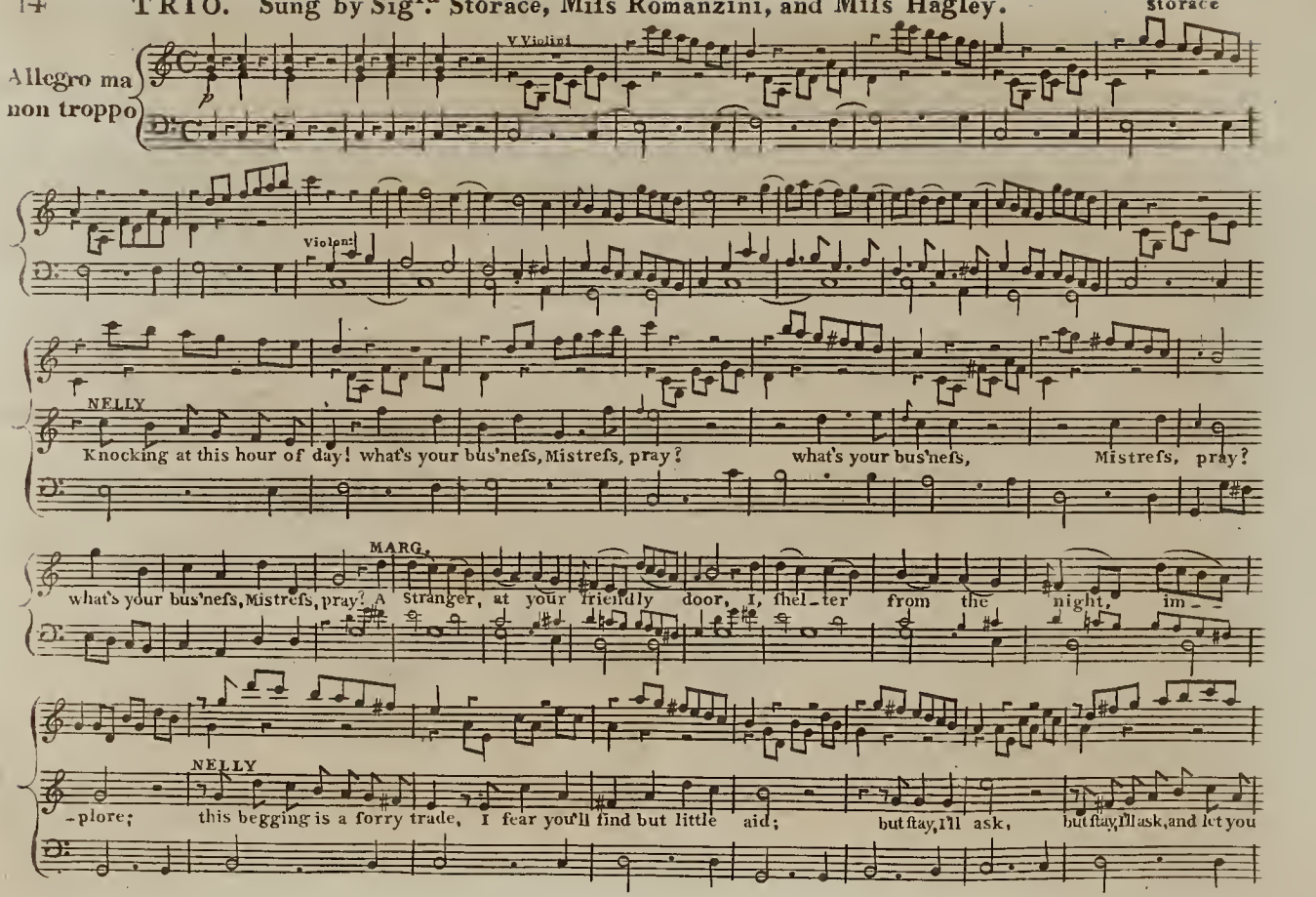
p

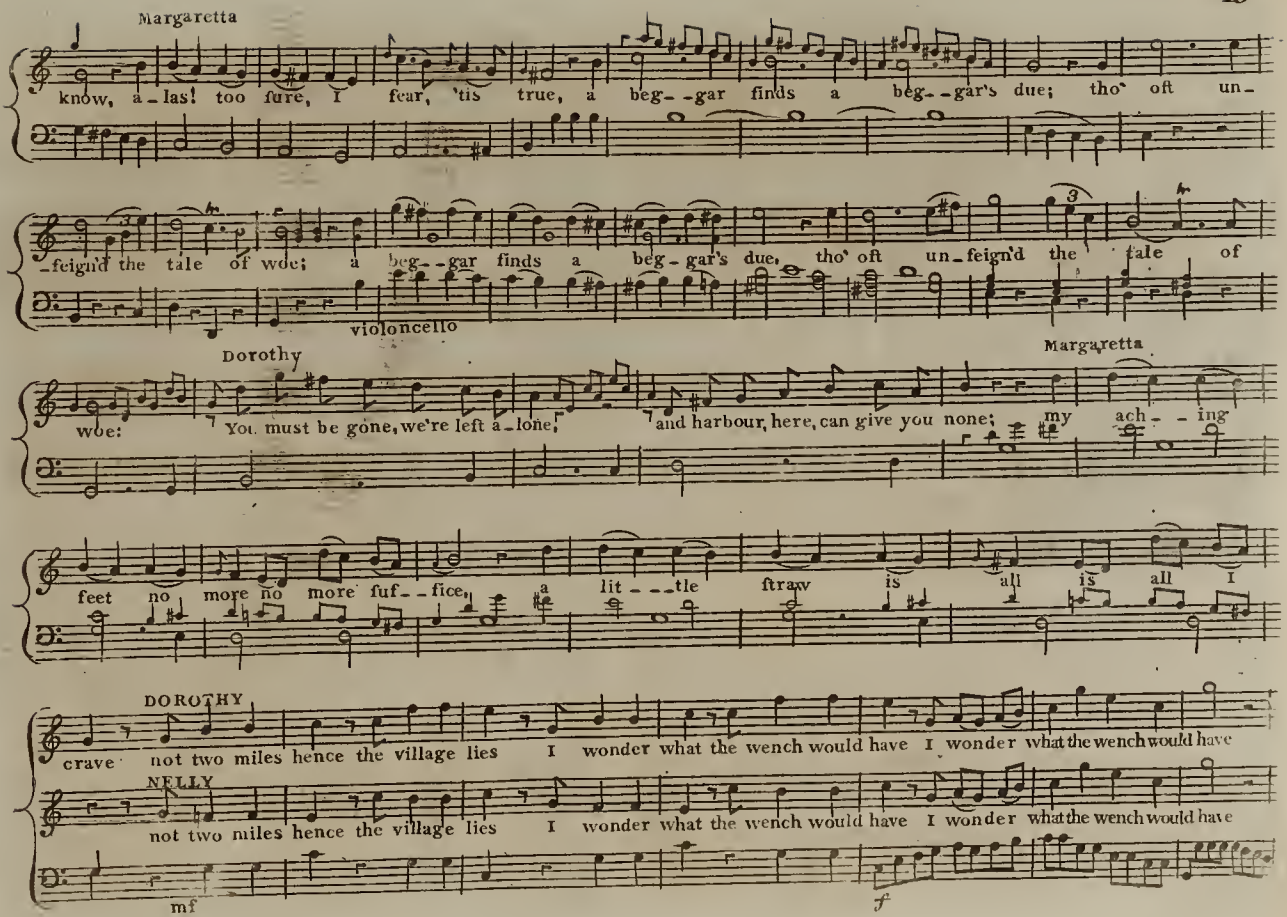
I call the ten - - der mind to pity my Friends are gone my heart is beating and chilling

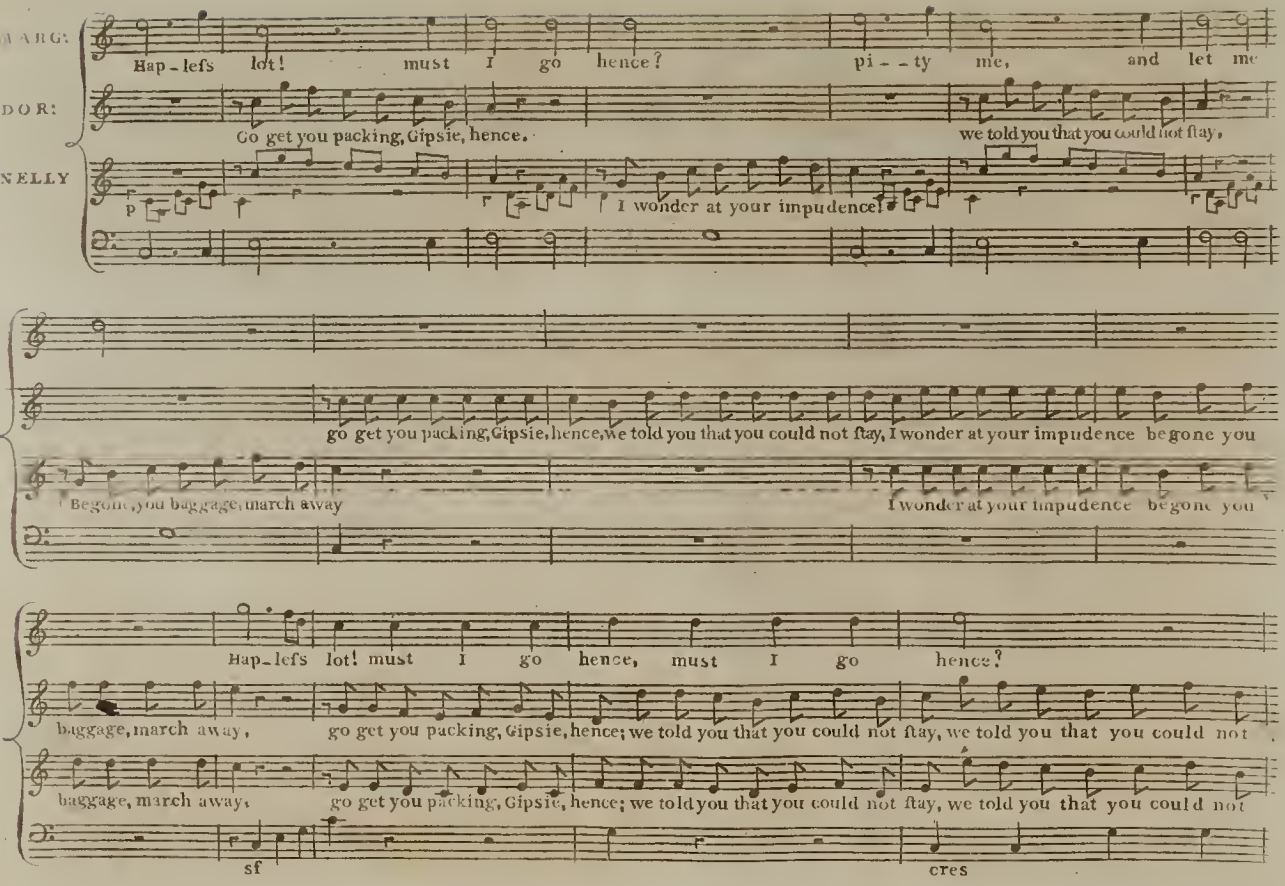
po-ver-ty's my lot from paſsing ſtran-gers aid in treating I wander thus alone for-got Relieve my

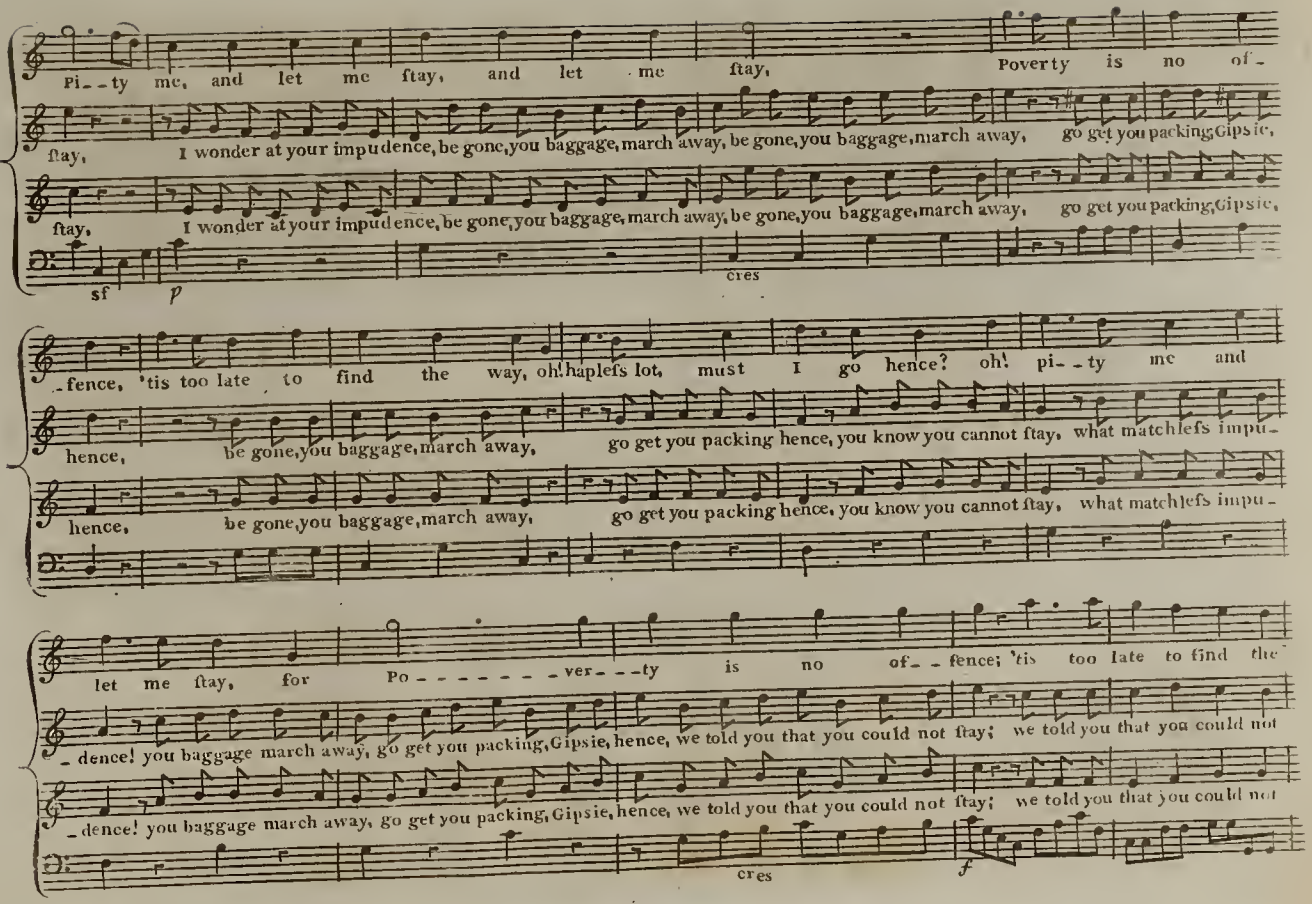

woes my wants dif_trefs_ing and Heav'n re=ward you with its blefs_ing
f
ff
Here stales of love and Maids for_fa_ken of battles fought and Captives taken the Jovial
Crcs:
f
dim:
p
Tar fo boldly failing or caft up_on fome de_fart fhore the haplefs Bride his lofs be wai_ling and fearing
p
ne'er to fee him more relieve my woes my wants dif_trefs_ing and Heav'n re_ward you with its
sf
blefs_ing.
f

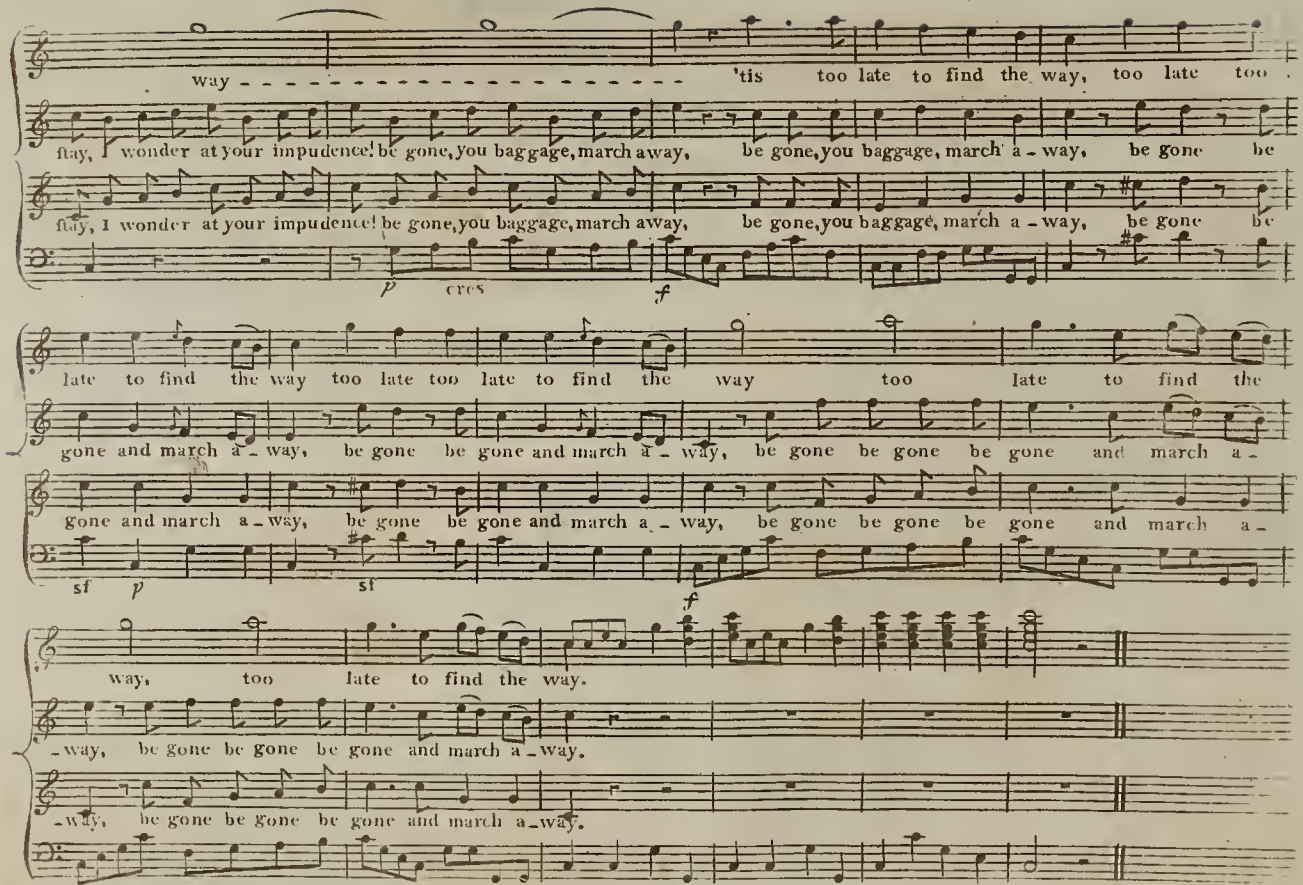
TRIO. Sung by Sig^ra Storace, Miſs Romanzini, and Miſs Hagley.

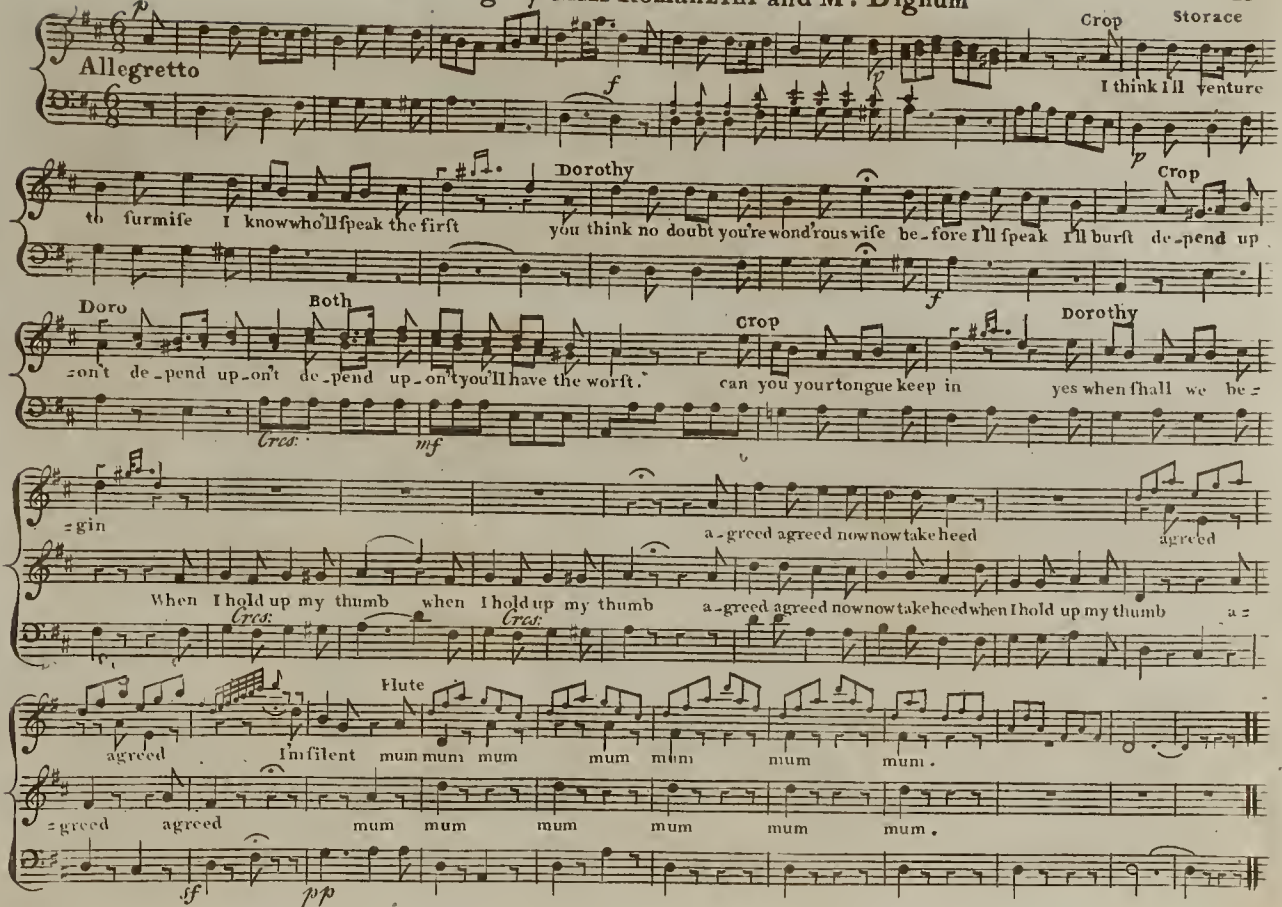



Margaretta
know, a-las! too ſure, I fear, 'tis true, a beg--gar finds a beg--gar's due; tho' oft un-
-feign'd the tale of woe; a beg--gar finds a beg--gar's due, tho' oft un-feign'd the tale of
violoncello
Dorothy
woe: You must be gone, we're left a-lone, and harbour, here, can give you none; my ach--ing
Margaretta
feet no more no more ſuf--fice, a lit---tle ſtraw is all is all I
DOROTHY
crave not two miles hence the village lies I wonder what the wench would have I wonder what the wench would have
NELLY
not two miles hence the village lies I wonder what the wench would have I wonder what the wench would have
mf
f

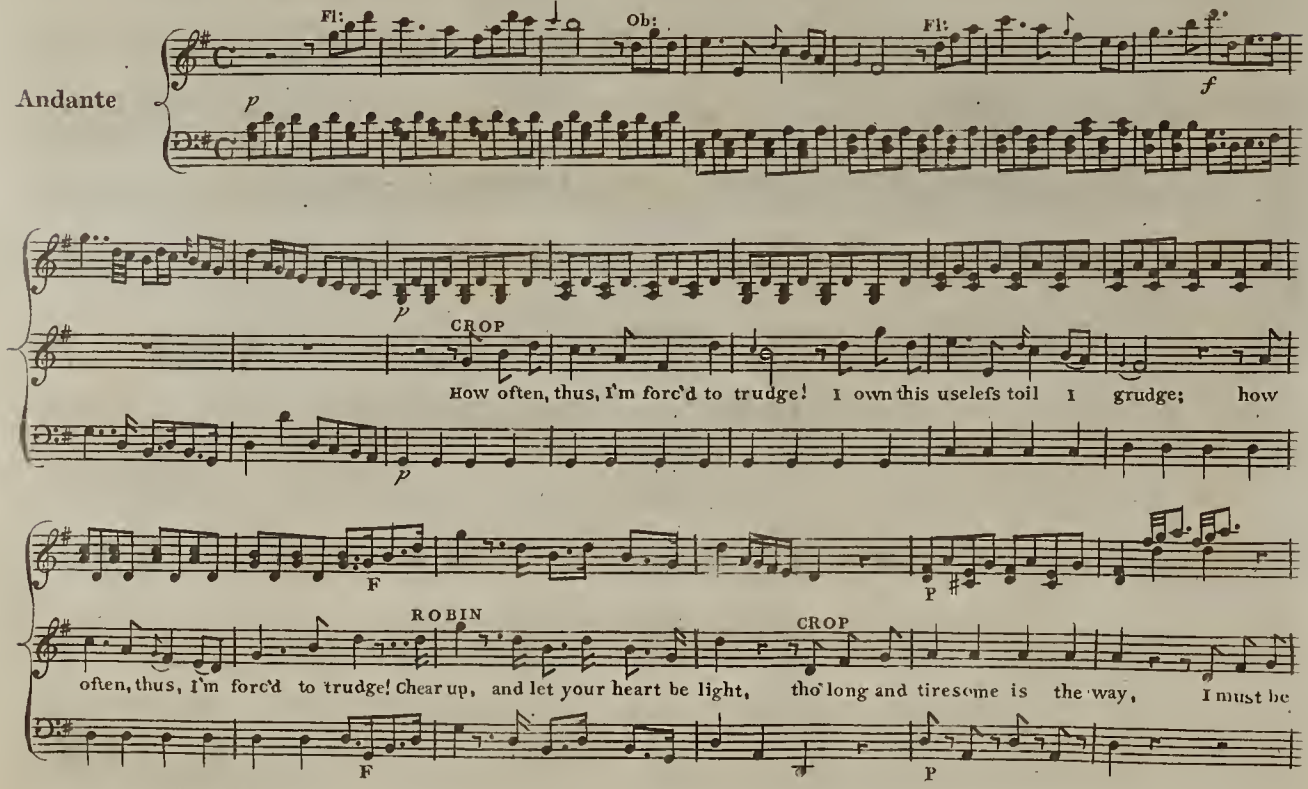

MARG:
Hap-less lot! must I go hence? pi--ty me, and let me
DOR:
Go get you packing, Gipsie, hence. we told you that you could not ſtay,
NELLY
p
I wonder at your impudence!
go get you packing, Gipsie, hence, we told you that you could not ſtay, I wonder at your impudence begone you
Begone, you baggage, march away
I wonder at your impudence begone you
Hap-less lot! must I go hence, must I go hence?
baggage, march away, go get you packing, Gipsie, hence; we told you that you could not ſtay, we told you that you could not
baggage, march away, go get you packing, Gipsie, hence; we told you that you could not ſtay, we told you that you could not
sf
cres

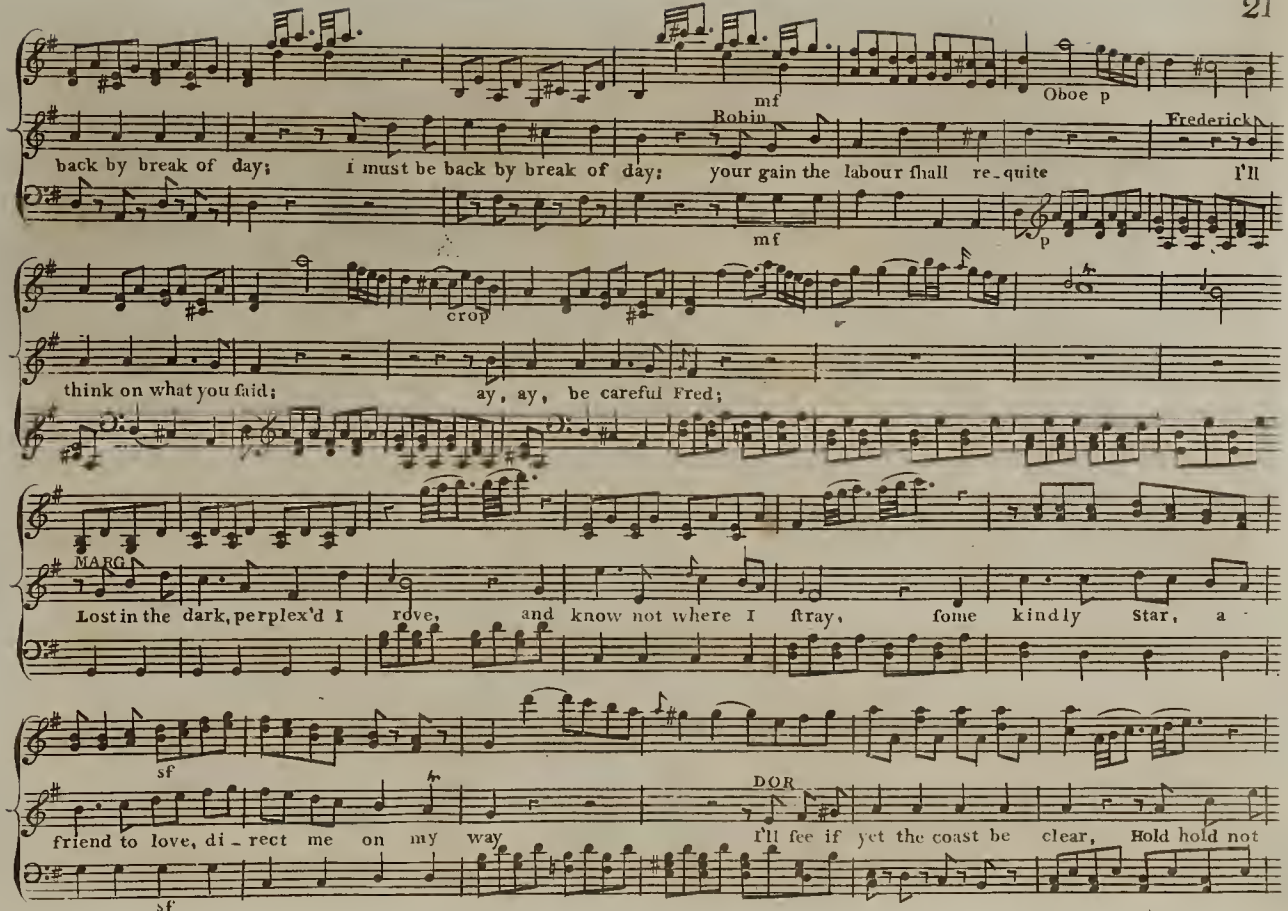

Pi_ty me, and let me ſtay, and let me ſtay, Poverty is no of-
ſtay, I wonder at your impudence, be gone, you baggage, march away, be gone, you baggage, march away, go get you packing, Gipsie,
ſtay, I wonder at your impudence, be gone, you baggage, march away, be gone, you baggage, march away, go get you packing, Gipsie,
sf p cres
_fence, 'tis too late to find the way, oh! haplefs lot, muſt I go hence? oh! pi_ty me and
hence, be gone, you baggage, march away, go get you packing hence, you know you cannot ſtay, what matchleſs impu-
hence, be gone, you baggage, march away, go get you packing hence, you know you cannot ſtay, what matchleſs impu-
let me ſtay, for Po_ver_ty is no of_fence; 'tis too late to find the
_dence! you baggage march away, go get you packing, Gipsie, hence, we told you that you could not ſtay; we told you that you could not
_dence! you baggage march away, go get you packing, Gipsie, hence, we told you that you could not ſtay; we told you that you could not
cres f

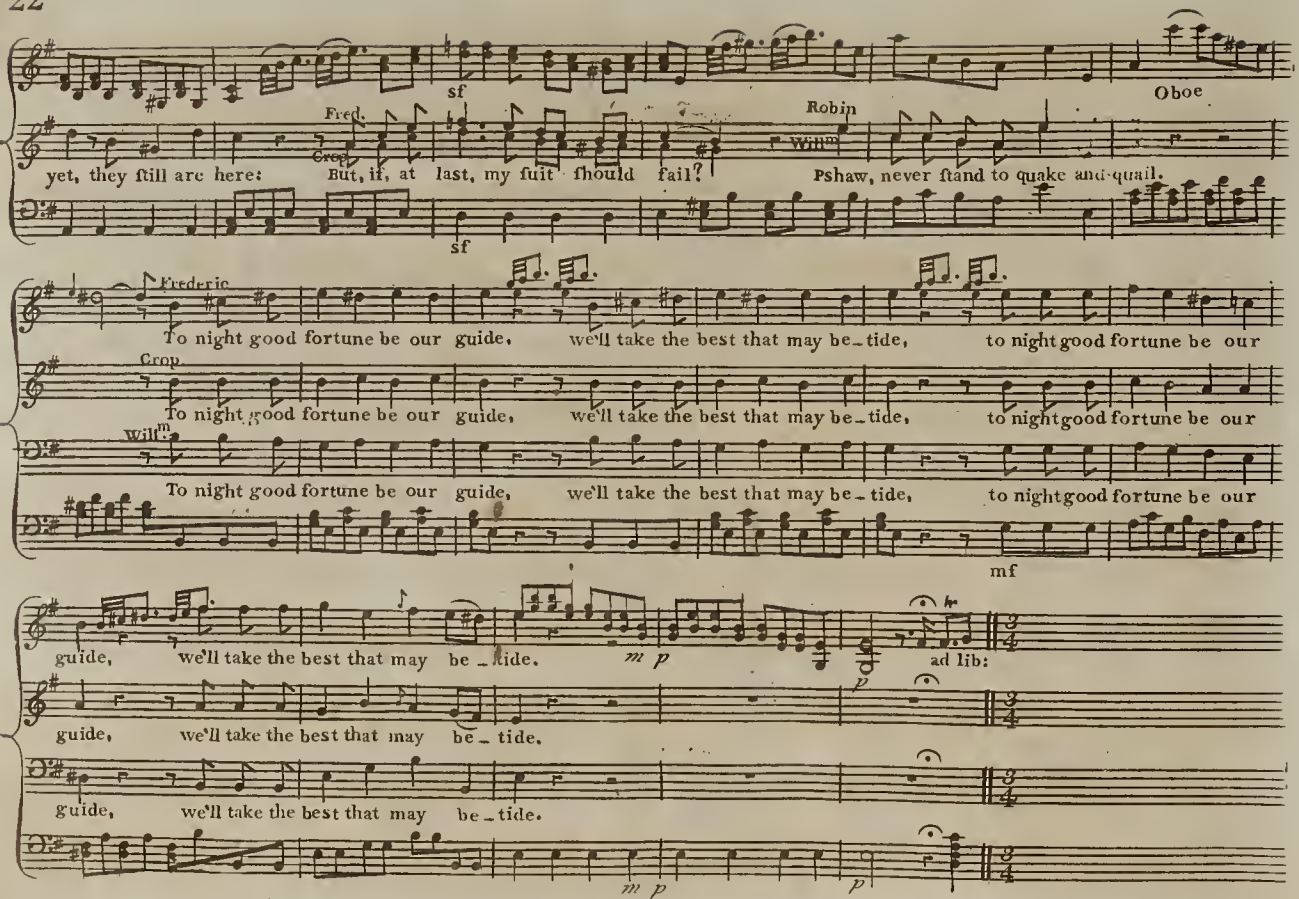

way - 'tis too late to find the way, too late too
stay, I wonder at your impudence! be gone, you baggage, march away, be gone, you baggage, march a - way, be gone be
stay, I wonder at your impudence! be gone, you baggage, march away, be gone, you baggage, march a - way, be gone be
p cres f
late to find the way too late too late to find the way too late to find the
gone and march a - way, be gone be gone and march a - way, be gone be gone be gone and march a -
gone and march a - way, be gone be gone and march a - way, be gone be gone be gone and march a -
sf p sf f
way, too late to find the way.
- way, be gone be gone be gone and march a - way.
- way, be gone be gone be gone and march a - way.


Allegretto
Crop
Storace
I think I'll venture
to furmiſe I know who'll ſpeak the firſt
Dorothy
you think no doubt you're wond'rous wiſe be-fore I'll ſpeak I'll burſt de-pend up
Crop
Doro
Both
Crop
Dorothy
-on't de-pend up-on't de-pend up-on't you'll have the worſt.
can you your tongue keep in
yes when ſhall we be-
Cres:
mf
-gin
a-greed agreed now now take heed
agreed
When I hold up my thumb when I hold up my thumb
a-greed agreed now now take heed when I hold up my thumb
Cres:
Cres:
Flute
agreed
I'm ſilent mum mum mum mum mum mum mum mum.
-greed agreed mum mum mum mum mum mum.
sf
pp

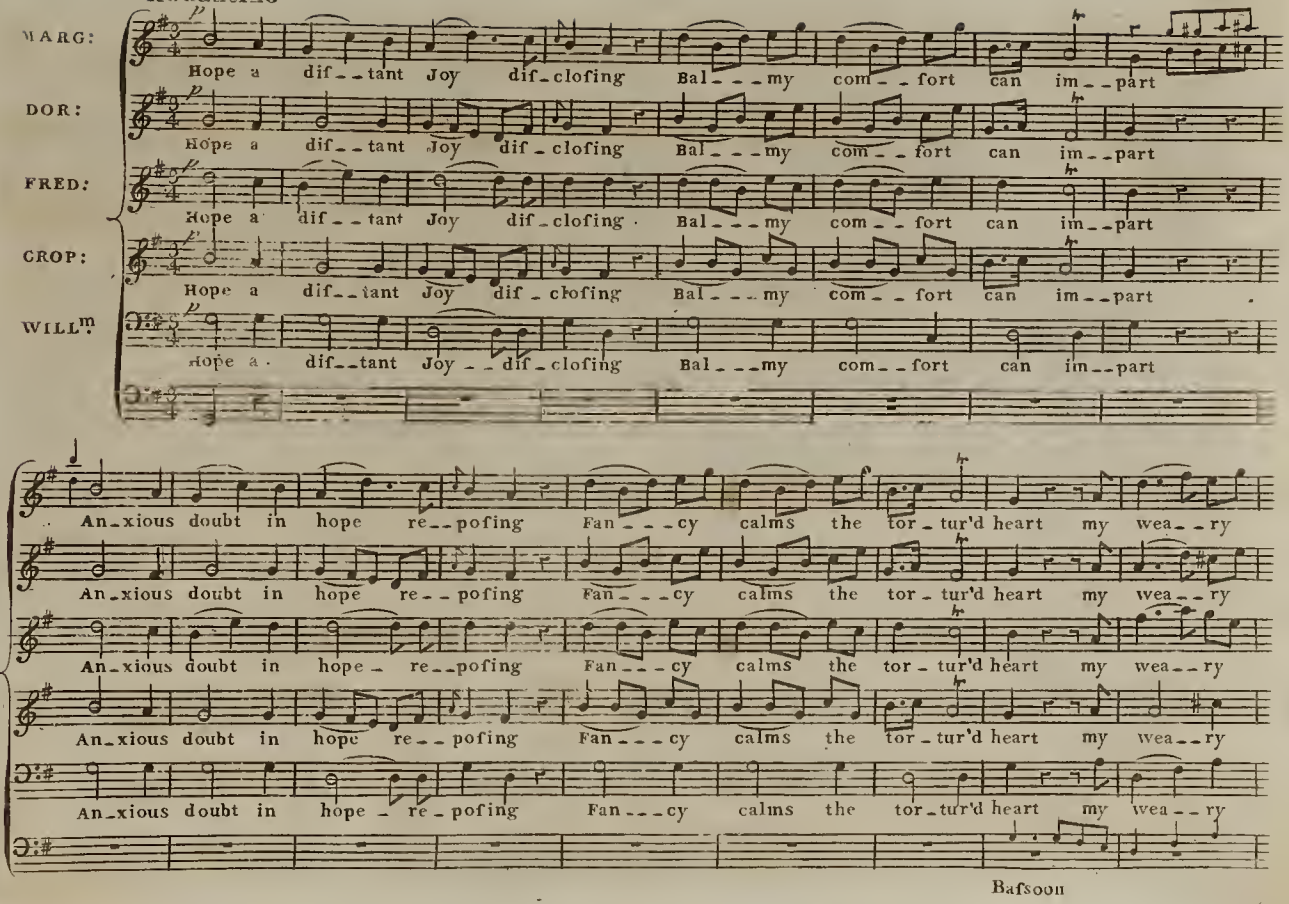
Sung by Sig^ra. Storace, Miſs Romanzini, M^r. Bannister Junr. M^r. Kelly, M^r. Dignum, and M^r. Sedgewick.

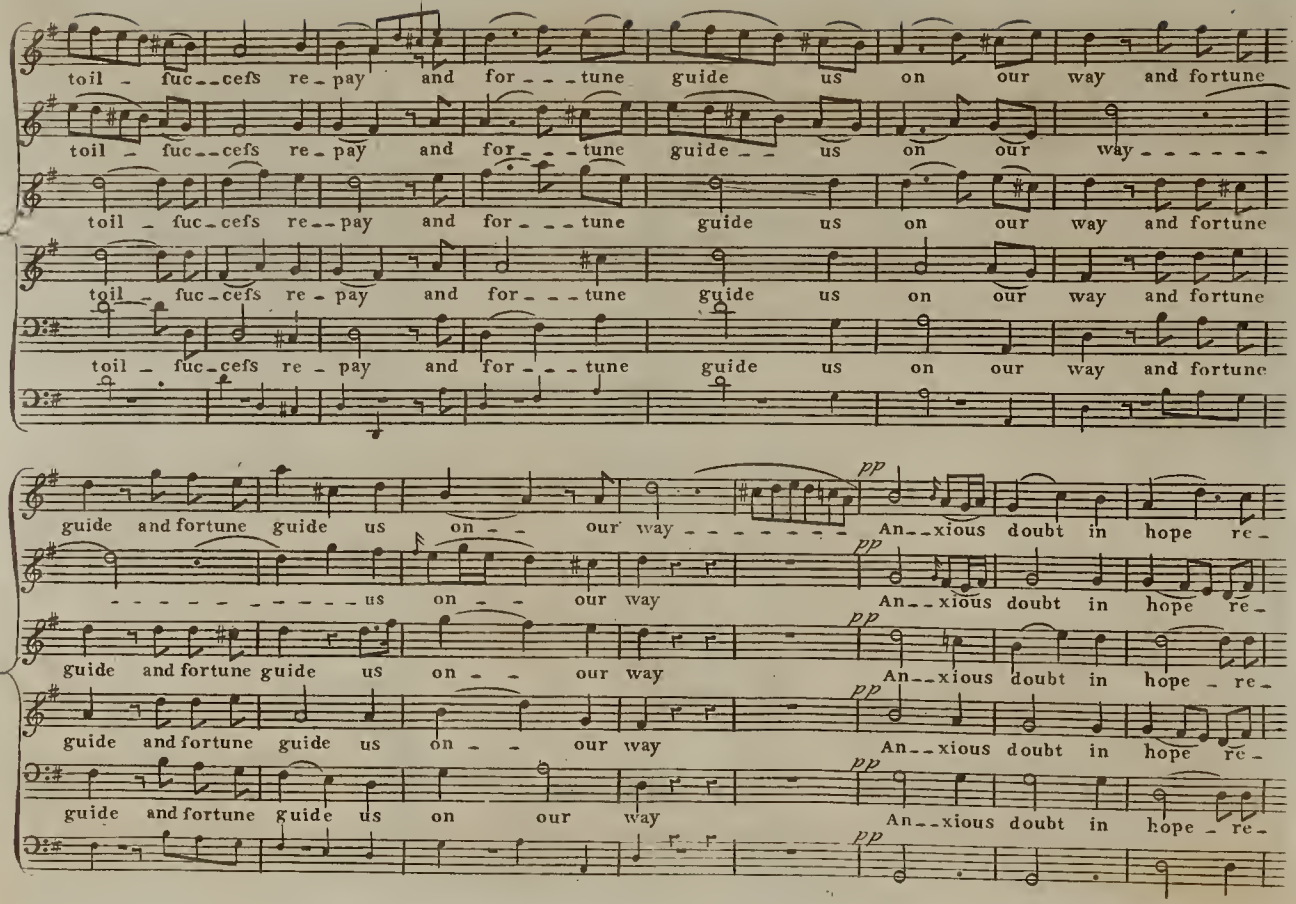


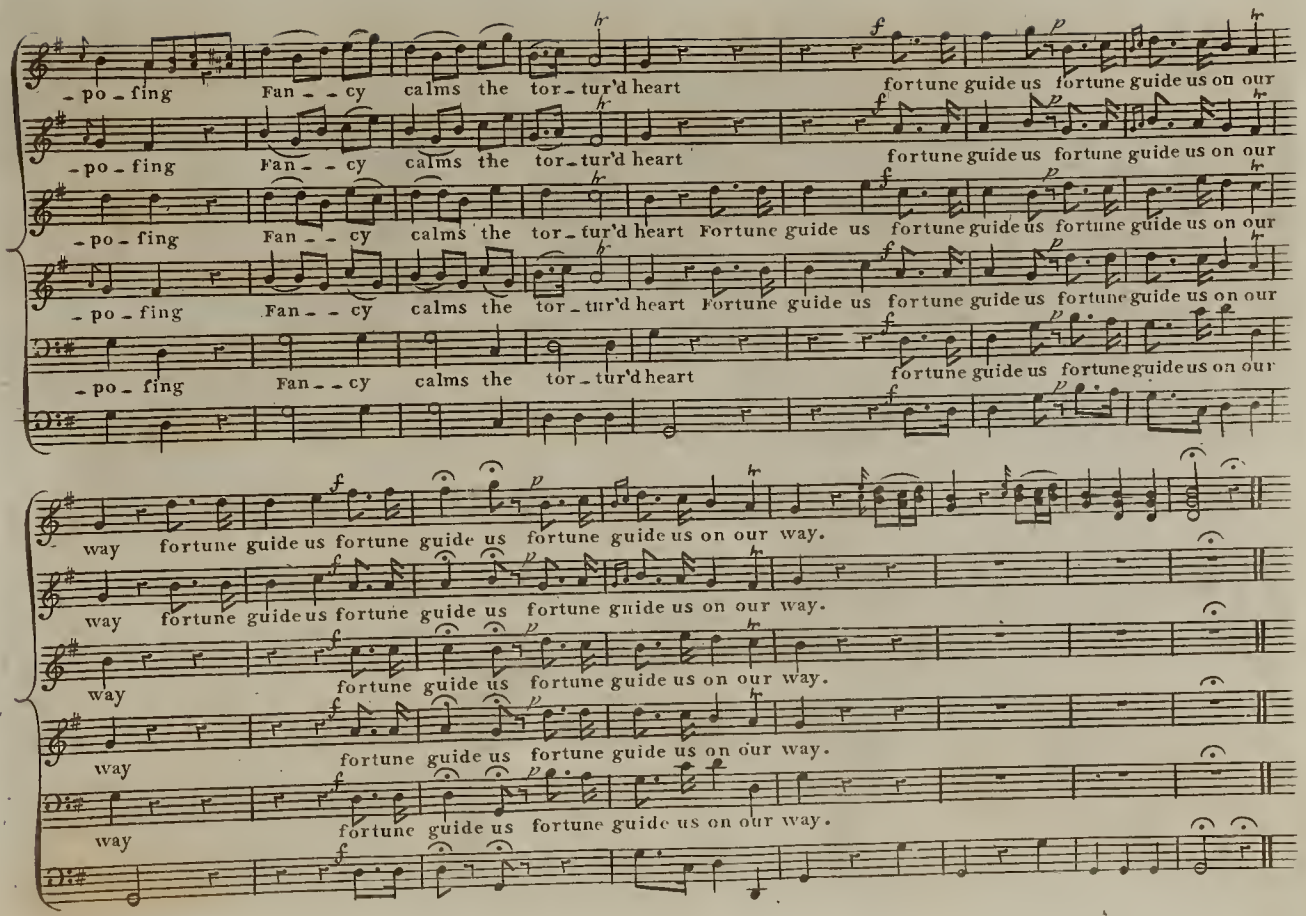

mf
Oboe p
Robin
Frederick
back by break of day; I must be back by break of day; your gain the labour ſhall re-quite I'll
mf
p
crop
think on what you ſaid; ay, ay, be careful Fred;
MARG
Lost in the dark, perplex'd I rove, and know not where I ſtray, ſome kindly Star, a
sf
DOR
friend to love, di-rect me on my way I'll ſee if yet the coast be clear, Hold hold not
sf


sf
Oboe
Fred.
Robin
Crop.
Will.m
yet, they ſtill are here: But, if, at last, my ſuit ſhould fail? Pshaw, never ſtand to quake and quail.
sf
Frederic
To night good fortune be our guide, we'll take the best that may be_tide, to night good fortune be our
Crop.
To night good fortune be our guide, we'll take the best that may be_tide, to night good fortune be our
Will.m
To night good fortune be our guide, we'll take the best that may be_tide, to night good fortune be our
mf
guide, we'll take the best that may be_tide.
m p
ad lib:
p
guide, we'll take the best that may be_tide.
guide, we'll take the best that may be_tide.
m p
p

Andantino


MARG:
Hope a dif--tant Joy dif-clofing Bal---my com--fort can im--part
DOR:
Hope a dif--tant Joy dif-clofing Bal---my com--fort can im--part
FRED:
Hope a dif--tant Joy dif-clofing Bal---my com--fort can im--part
CROP:
Hope a dif--tant Joy dif-clofing Bal---my com--fort can im--part
WILLm:
Hope a dif--tant Joy--dif-clofing Bal---my com--fort can im--part
An-xious doubt in hope re--pofing Fan---cy calms the tor-tur'd heart my wea--ry
An-xious doubt in hope re--pofing Fan---cy calms the tor-tur'd heart my wea--ry
An-xious doubt in hope-re--pofing Fan---cy calms the tor-tur'd heart my wea--ry
An-xious doubt in hope re--pofing Fan---cy calms the tor-tur'd heart my wea--ry
An-xious doubt in hope-re-pofing Fan---cy calms the tor-tur'd heart my wea--ry
Bafsoon


toil - fuc--cefs re-pay and for---tune guide us on our way and fortune
toil - fuc--cefs re-pay and for---tune guide-- us on our way-------
toil - fuc-cefs re--pay and for---tune guide us on our way and fortune
toil - fuc-cefs re-pay and for---tune guide us on our way and fortune
toil - fuc-cefs re-pay and for---tune guide us on our way and fortune
guide and fortune guide us on-- our way--------
pp
An--xious doubt in hope re-
----------us on-- our way
pp
An--xious doubt in hope re-
guide and fortune guide us on-- our way
pp
An--xious doubt in hope re-
guide and fortune guide us on-- our way
pp
An--xious doubt in hope re-
guide and fortune guide us on our way
pp
An--xious doubt in hope re-
pp


-po-fing Fan--cy calms the tor-tur'd heart
fortune guide us fortune guide us on our
-po-fing Fan--cy calms the tor-tur'd heart
fortune guide us fortune guide us on our
-po-fing Fan--cy calms the tor-tur'd heart Fortune guide us fortune guide us fortune guide us on our
-po-fing Fan--cy calms the tor-tur'd heart Fortune guide us fortune guide us fortune guide us on our
-po-fing Fan--cy calms the tor-tur'd heart
fortune guide us fortune guide us on our
way fortune guide us fortune guide us fortune guide us on our way.
way fortune guide us fortune guide us fortune guide us on our way.
way
fortune guide us fortune guide us on our way.
way
fortune guide us fortune guide us on our way.
way
fortune guide us fortune guide us on our way.

Act 2d. Sung by Mr. Sedgwick

Storace

Allegro non troppo

William

From aloft the failor looks around & hears below the murmuring billows Sound

P

F

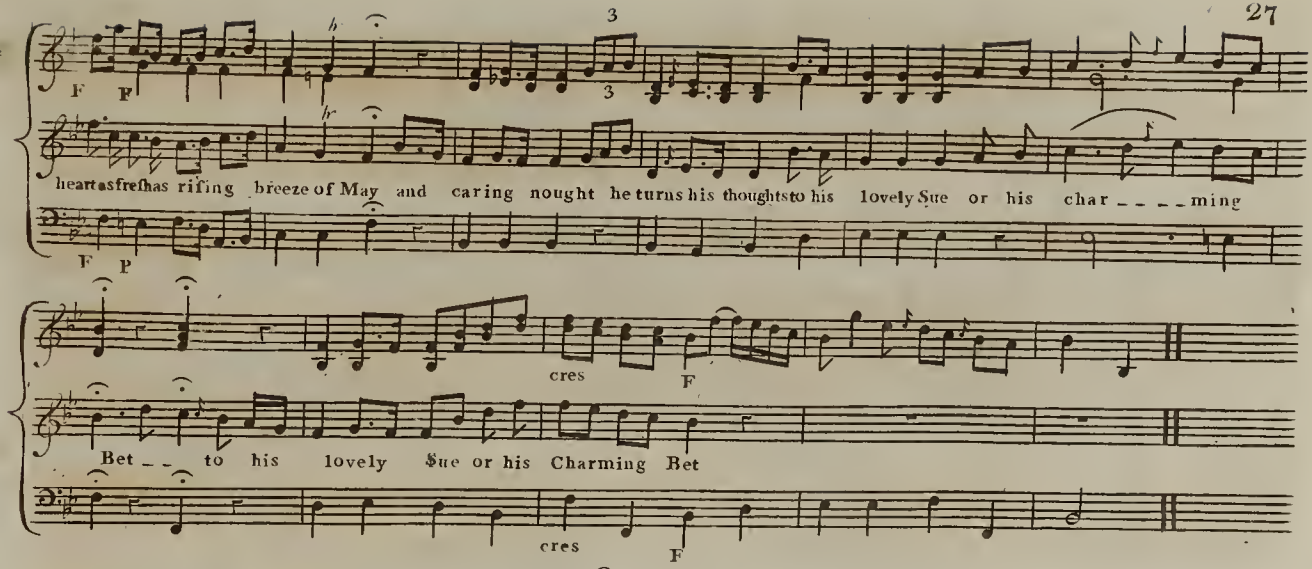
--& hears below the murmuring billows found far off from home he counts another day wide o'er the feas the

F P

vefsel bears away wide o'er the feas the vefsel bears a way his courage wants no whet but he fprings the fail to fet with a

cres

cres



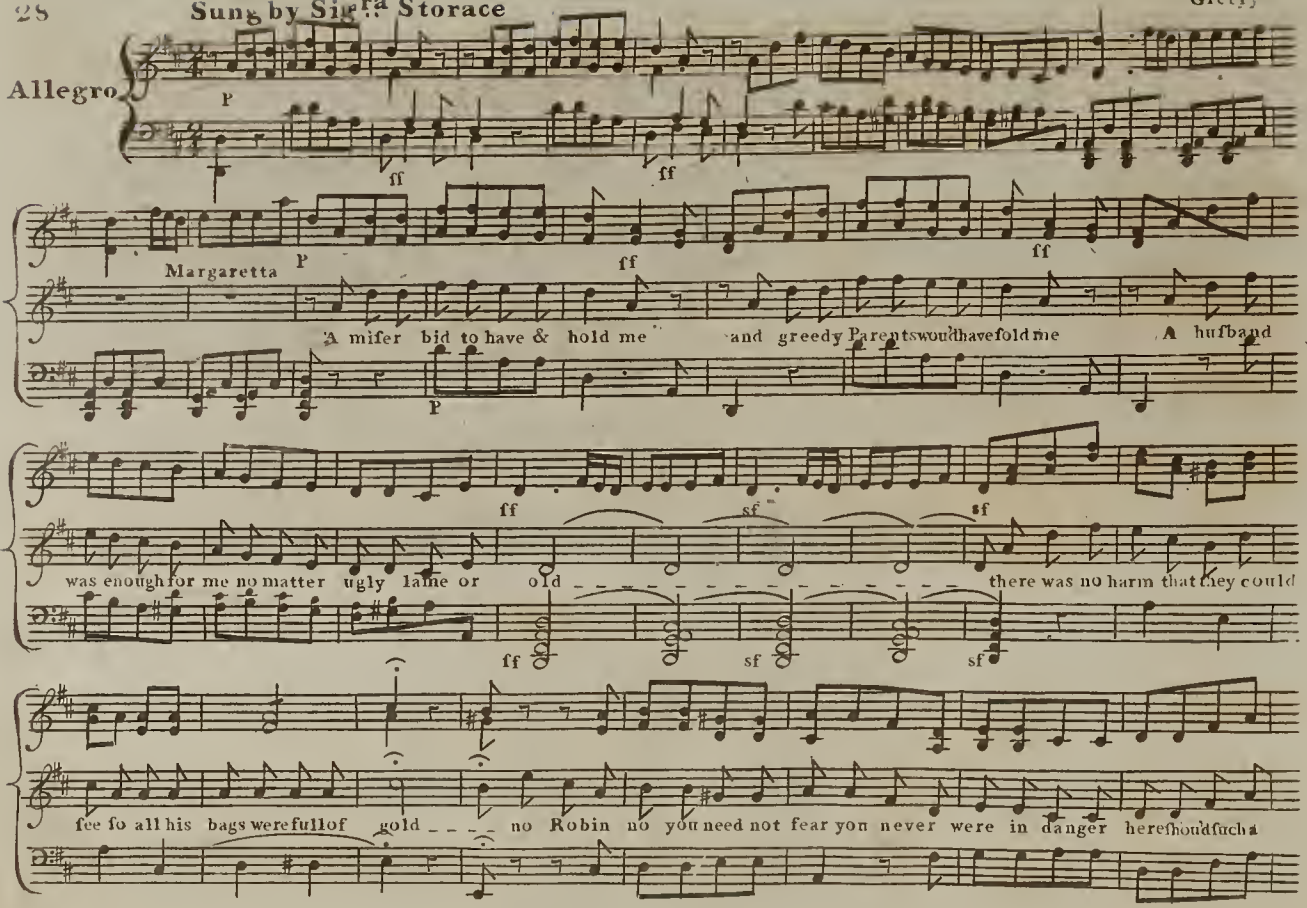
2

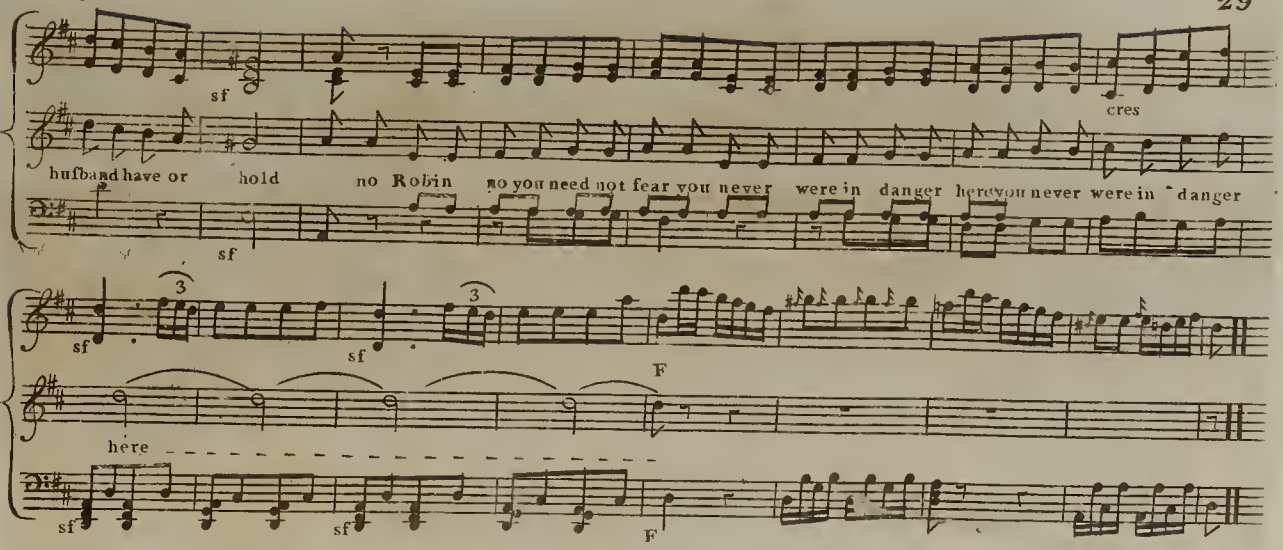
Now to heav'n the lofty topmaft foars
The ftormy blaft like dreadful thunder roars
Now oceans deepeft gulfs appear below

The curling furges foam the curling furges foam the curling furges foam and down we go
When fkies and feas are met
They his courage ferve to whet
With a heart as freſh as riſing breeze of may
And dreading nought &c

Sung by Sig.ra Storace

Grety





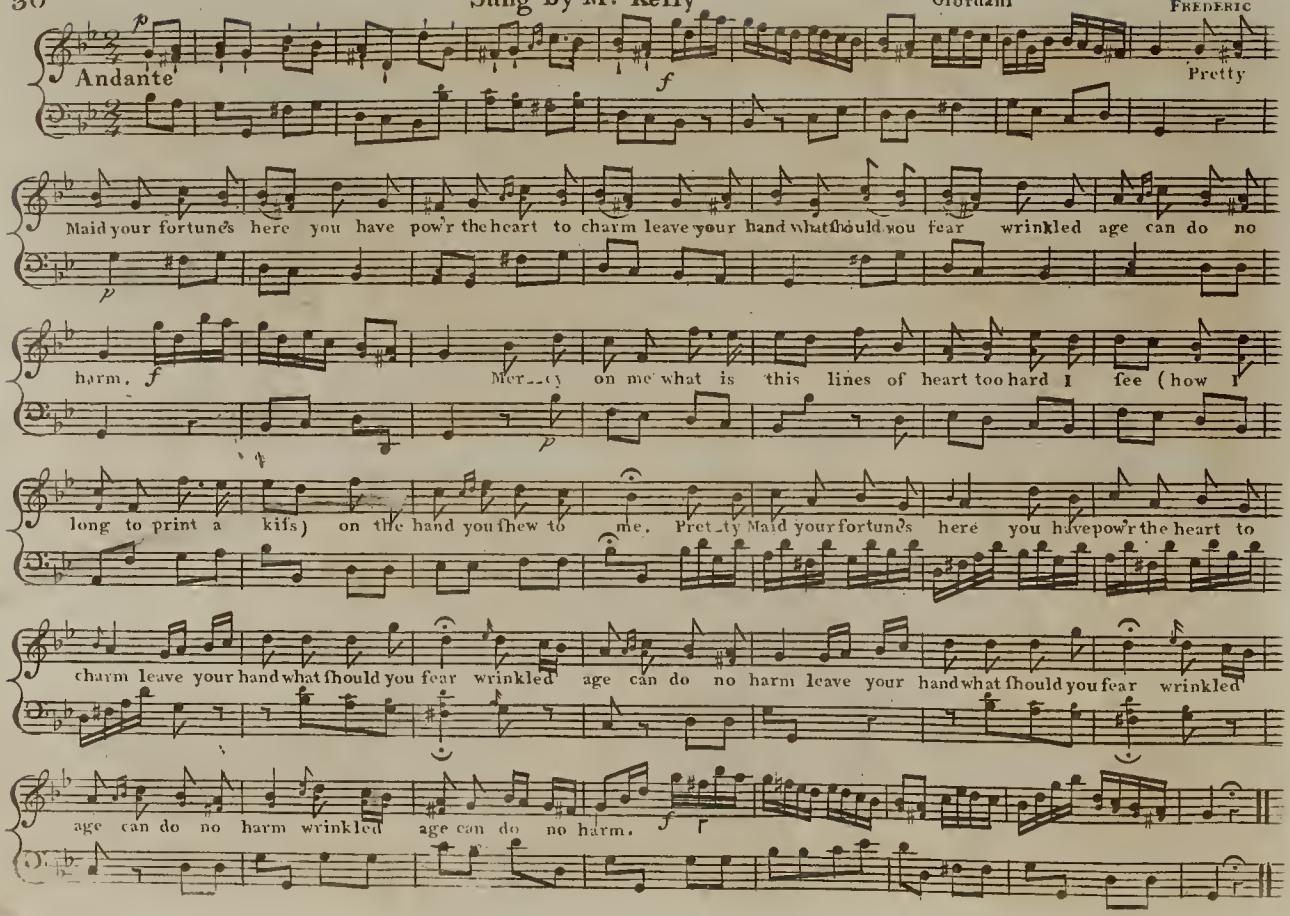
2

With mufty Vifage four and gloomy
The tot'ring Dotard came to woo me
He faid my love was worth a groat
And then he try'd good Lord to fmile
It makes me fick the very thought
I could not bear him all the while
No Robin no you need not fear
You never were in danger here
It makes me fick the very thought
No Robin no &c

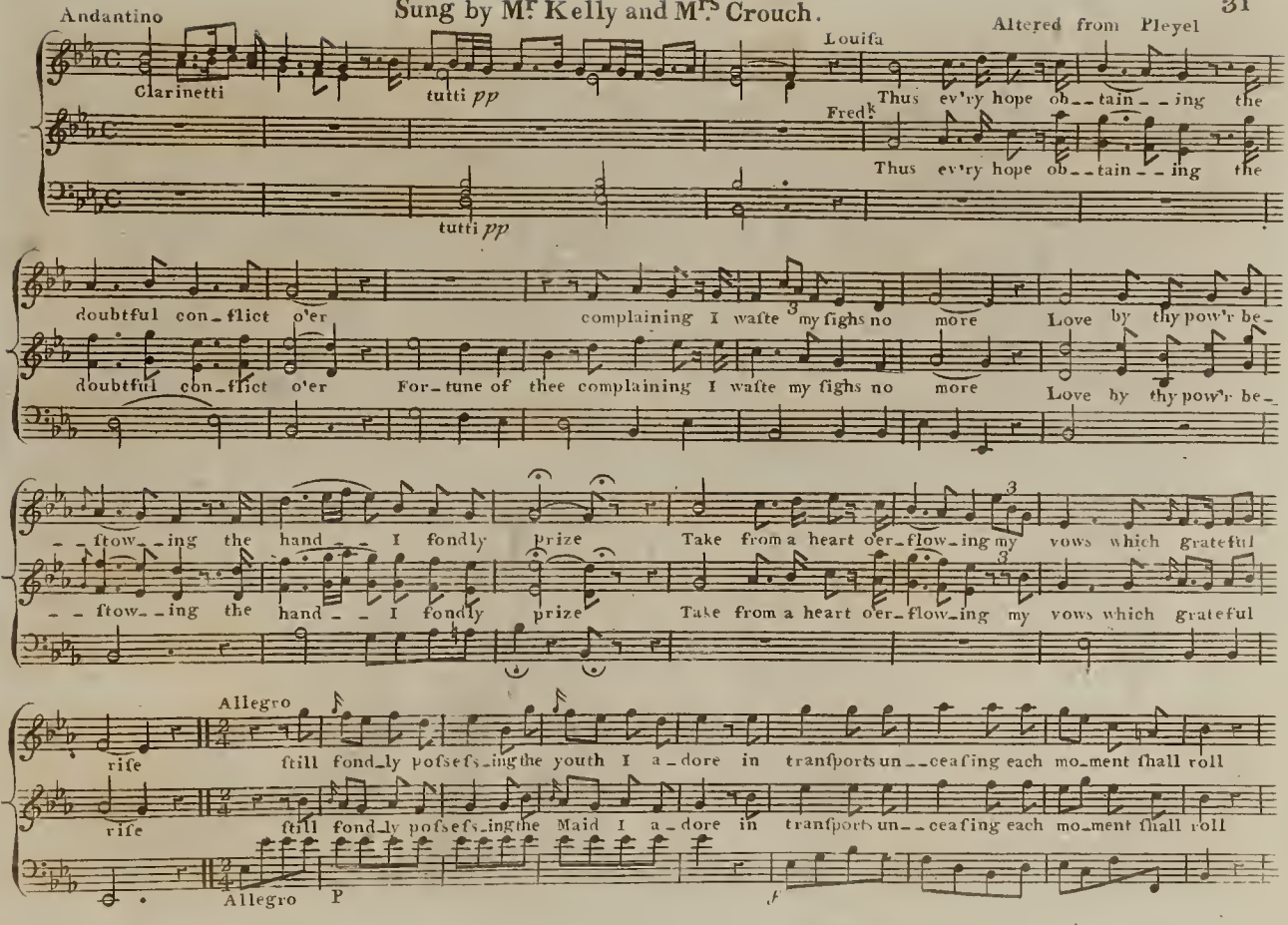
Sung by Mr. Kelly

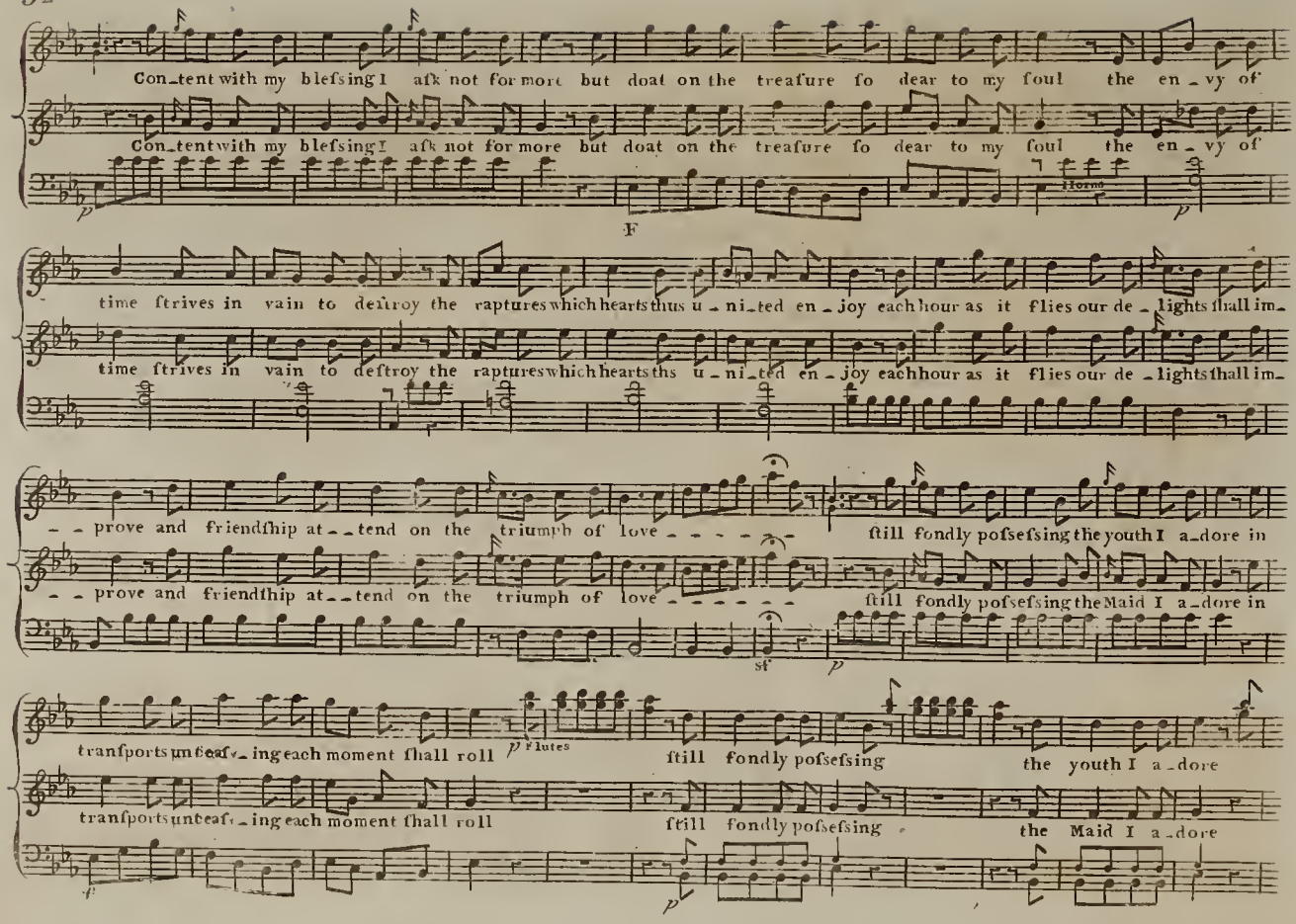
Giordani

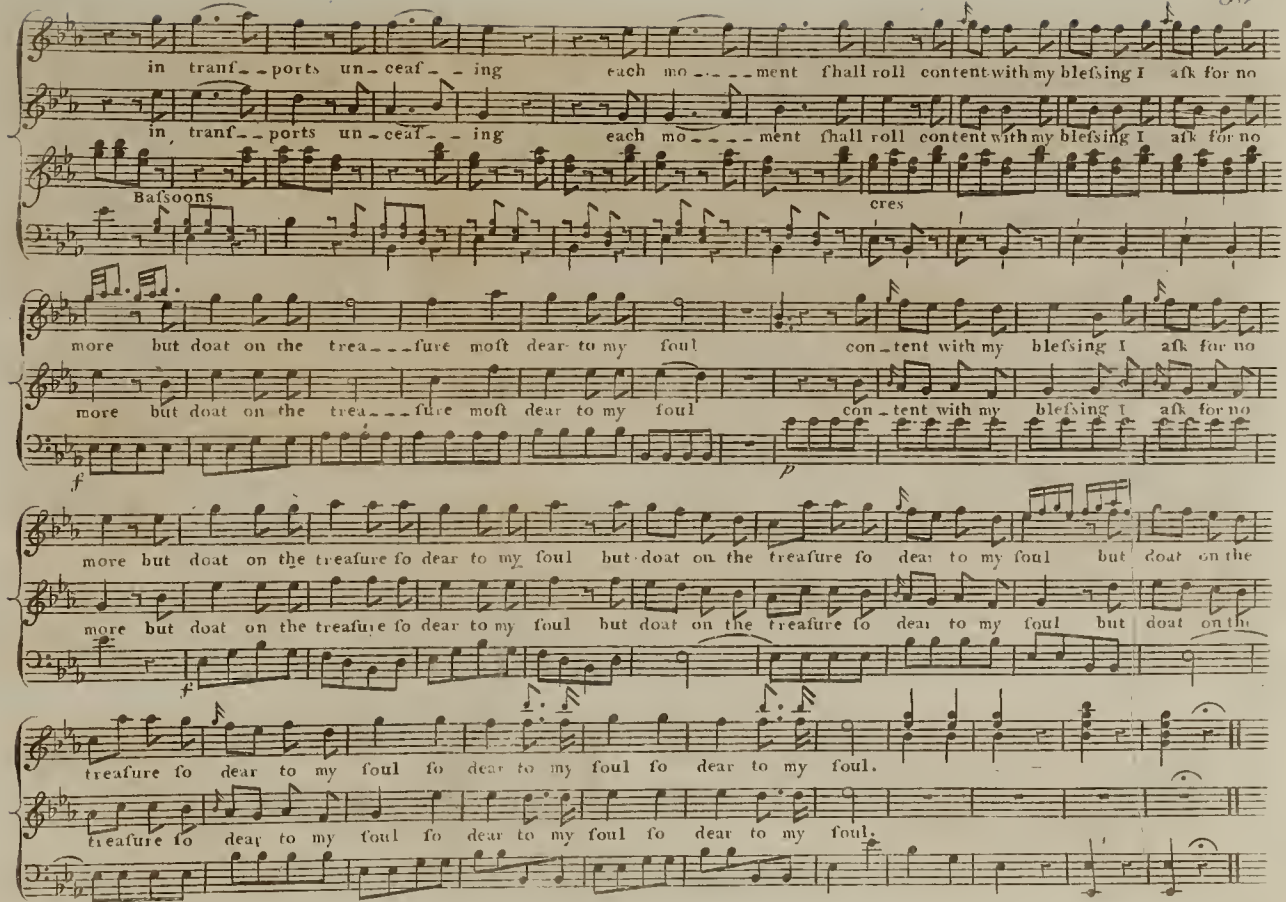
FREDERIC



Sung by Mr Kelly and Mrs Crouch.

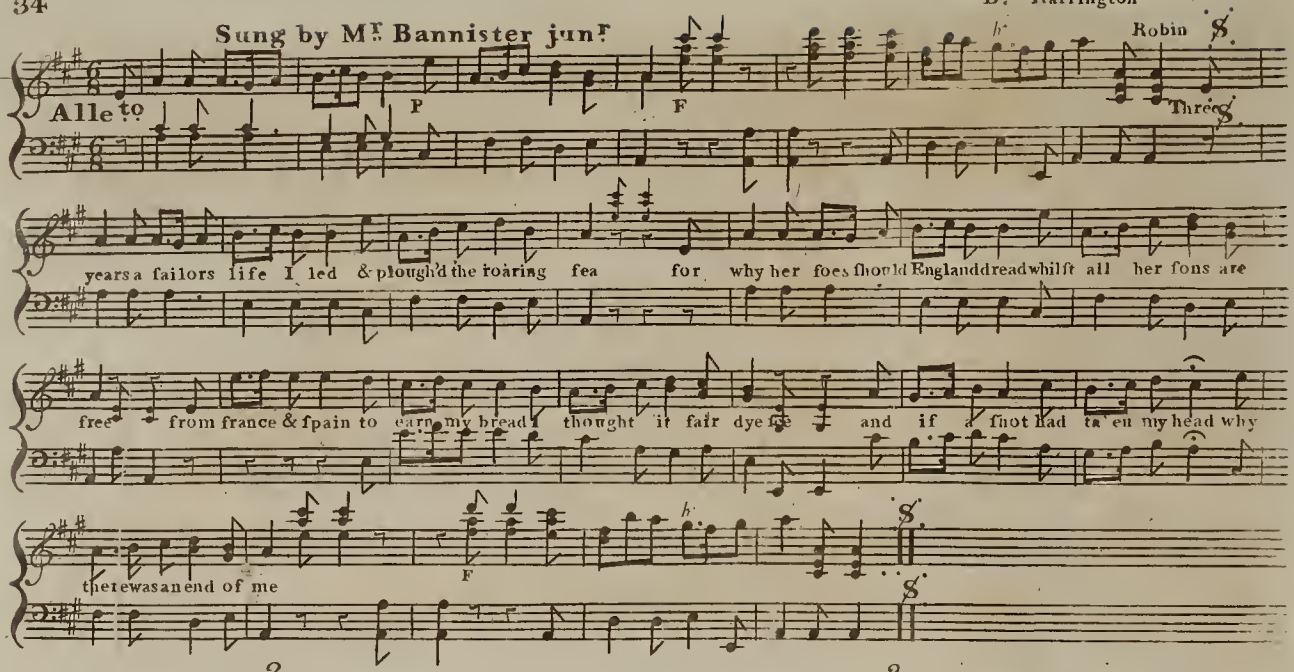



Con_tent with my bleſsing I aſk not for more but doat on the treaſure ſo dear to my ſoul the en_vy of
Con_tent with my bleſsing I aſk not for more but doat on the treaſure ſo dear to my ſoul the en_vy of
Horns
F
time ſtrives in vain to deſtroy the raptures which hearts thus u_ni_ted en_joy each hour as it flies our de_lights ſhall im_
time ſtrives in vain to deſtroy the raptures which hearts ths u_ni_ted en_joy each hour as it flies our de_lights ſhall im_
_ _ prove and friendſhip at_ _tend on the triumph of love _ _ _ _ _
ſtill fondly poſſeſsing the youth I a_dore in
_ _ prove and friendſhip at_ _tend on the triumph of love _ _ _ _ _
ſtill fondly poſſeſsing the Maid I a_dore in
sf
tranſports unceaſ_ing each moment ſhall roll
Flutes
ſtill fondly poſſeſsing
the youth I a_dore
tranſports unceaſ_ing each moment ſhall roll
ſtill fondly poſſeſsing
the Maid I a_dore


in tranf--ports un-ceaf--ing each mo----ment ſhall roll content with my bleſsing I aſk for no
in tranf--ports un-ceaf--ing each mo----ment ſhall roll content with my bleſsing I aſk for no
Baſsoons
cres
more but doat on the trea---ſure moſt dear to my ſoul con-tent with my bleſsing I aſk for no
more but doat on the trea---ſure moſt dear to my ſoul con-tent with my bleſsing I aſk for no
f
p
more but doat on the treaſure ſo dear to my ſoul but doat on the treaſure ſo dear to my ſoul but doat on the
more but doat on the treaſure ſo dear to my ſoul but doat on the treaſure ſo dear to my ſoul but doat on th
f
treaſure ſo dear to my ſoul ſo dear to my ſoul ſo dear to my ſoul.
treaſure ſo dear to my ſoul ſo dear to my ſoul ſo dear to my ſoul.

Dr. Harrington

Sung by Mr. Bannister junr.



2

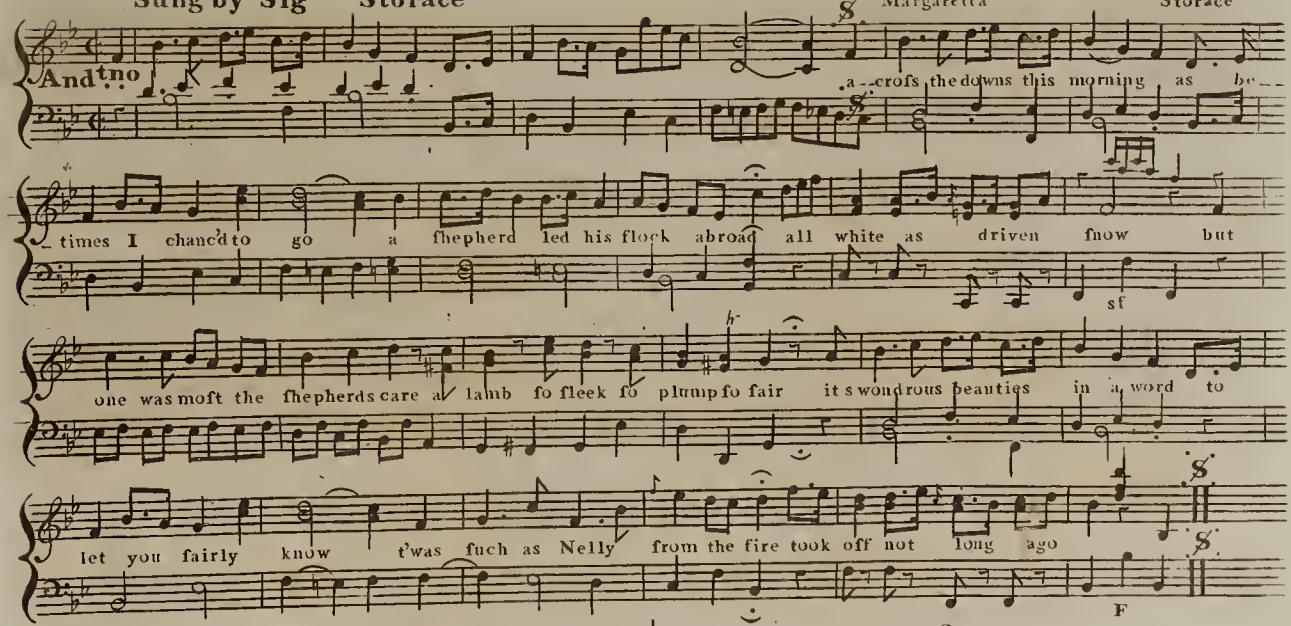
A medicine fure for grief and care
I fteer'd my course to find
Thenceforth an easy fail to bear
And run before the wind
Their Conj'ring fkill let Doctors boaft
And Noftrums of their fhop
Where'er we fearch from coast to coast
'Ther's none like the golden drop

3

For gold we fail the world around
And dare the tempefts rage
For when the fparklers once are found
They ev'ry ill afsuage
Twixt jew and chriftan not a fig
Off diff'rence here we find
The jew no loathing has to pig
If 'tis of the guinea kind

Sung by Sig^ra Storace

Margaretta Storace



2

This lamb fo blithe as midfummer
His frolick gambols play'd
And now of all the flock ahead
The pretty wanton ftray'd
A Wolf that watch'd with greedy eyes
Ruſh'd forth and feiz'd the tender prize
The fhepherd faw and rais'd a ftone
So round fo large I vow
Twas like the cake that Nelly laid
Upon the fhelf juſt now

3

This monſtrous ſtone the ſhepher'd flung
And well his aim he took
Yet ſcarce the ſavage creature deign'd
Around to caſt a look
But fled as ſwift with footſtep light
As he who brought the wine to night
I tried to ſtop the thief but he
Turn'd round in rage good lack
So mad the lawyer ſcarce can be
Thats hid in yonder ſack

Finale

Storace

Flutes

f tutti

MARGARET

Chorus *f*

Let Shepherd Lads & Maids advance and neatly trim be feen, to nightwe'el lead the merry dance, in circles o'er the green, Let

DOROTHY

CROP

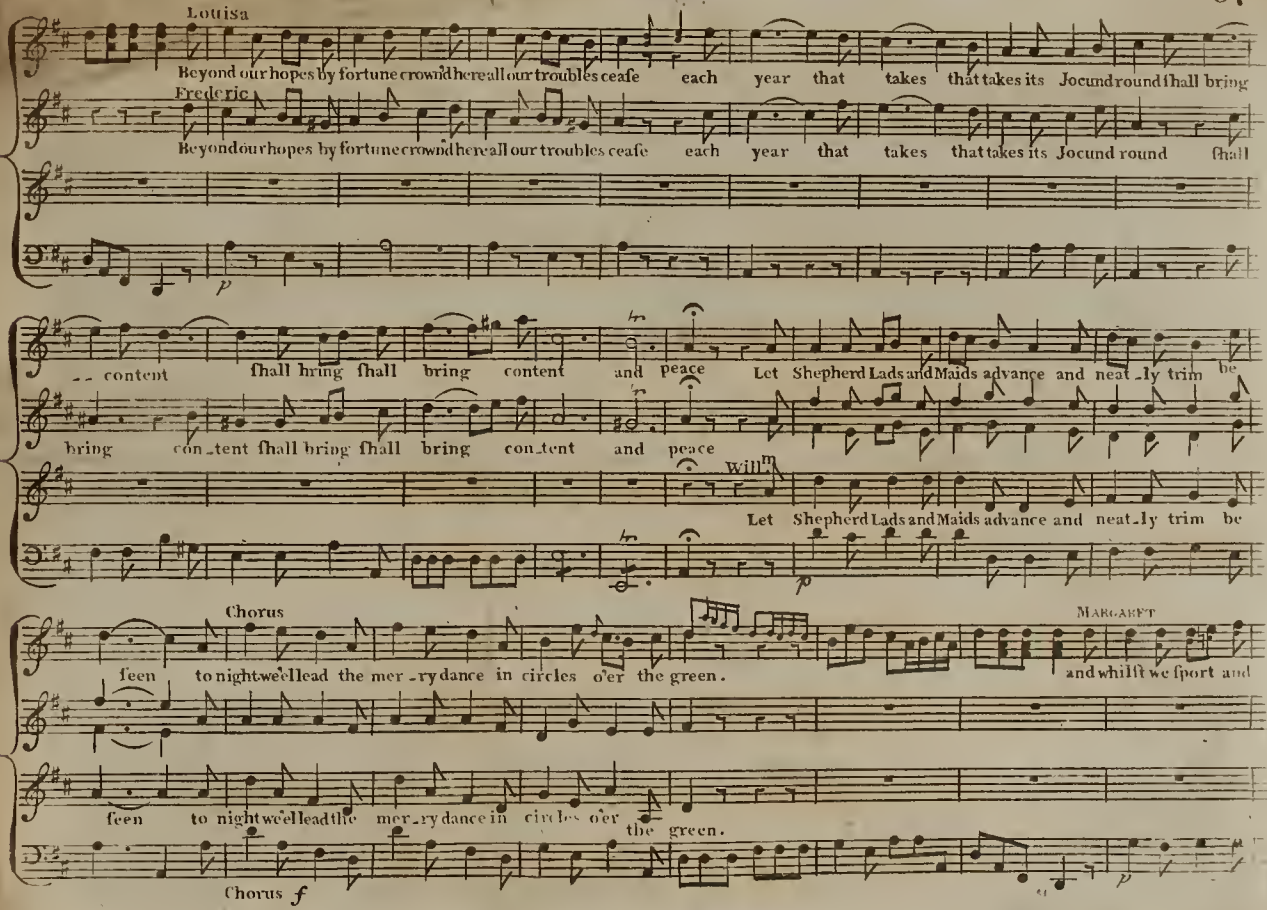
Let Shepherd Lads & Maids advance and neatly trim be feen, to nightwe'el lead the merry dance, in circles o'er the green, Let

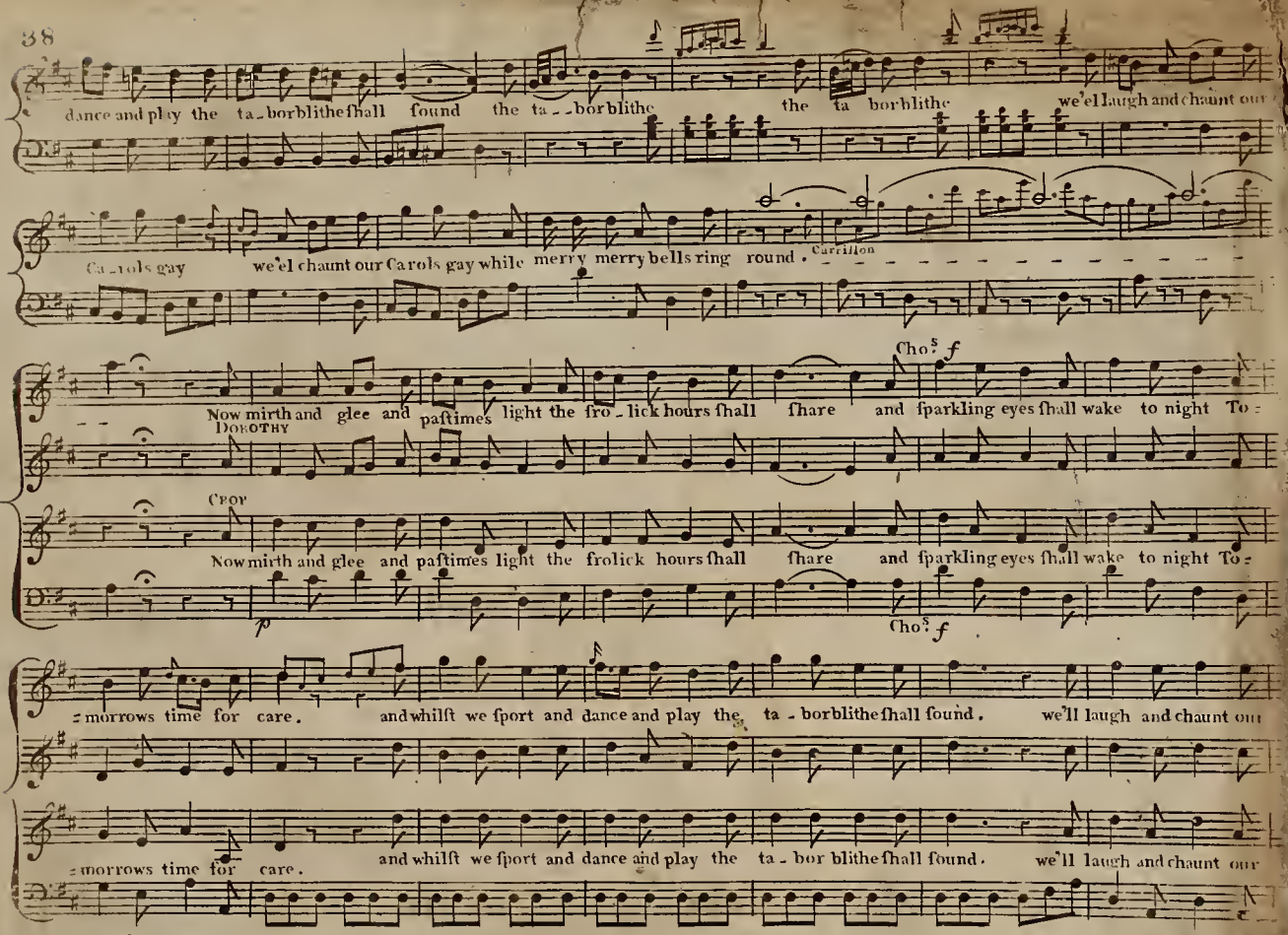
p

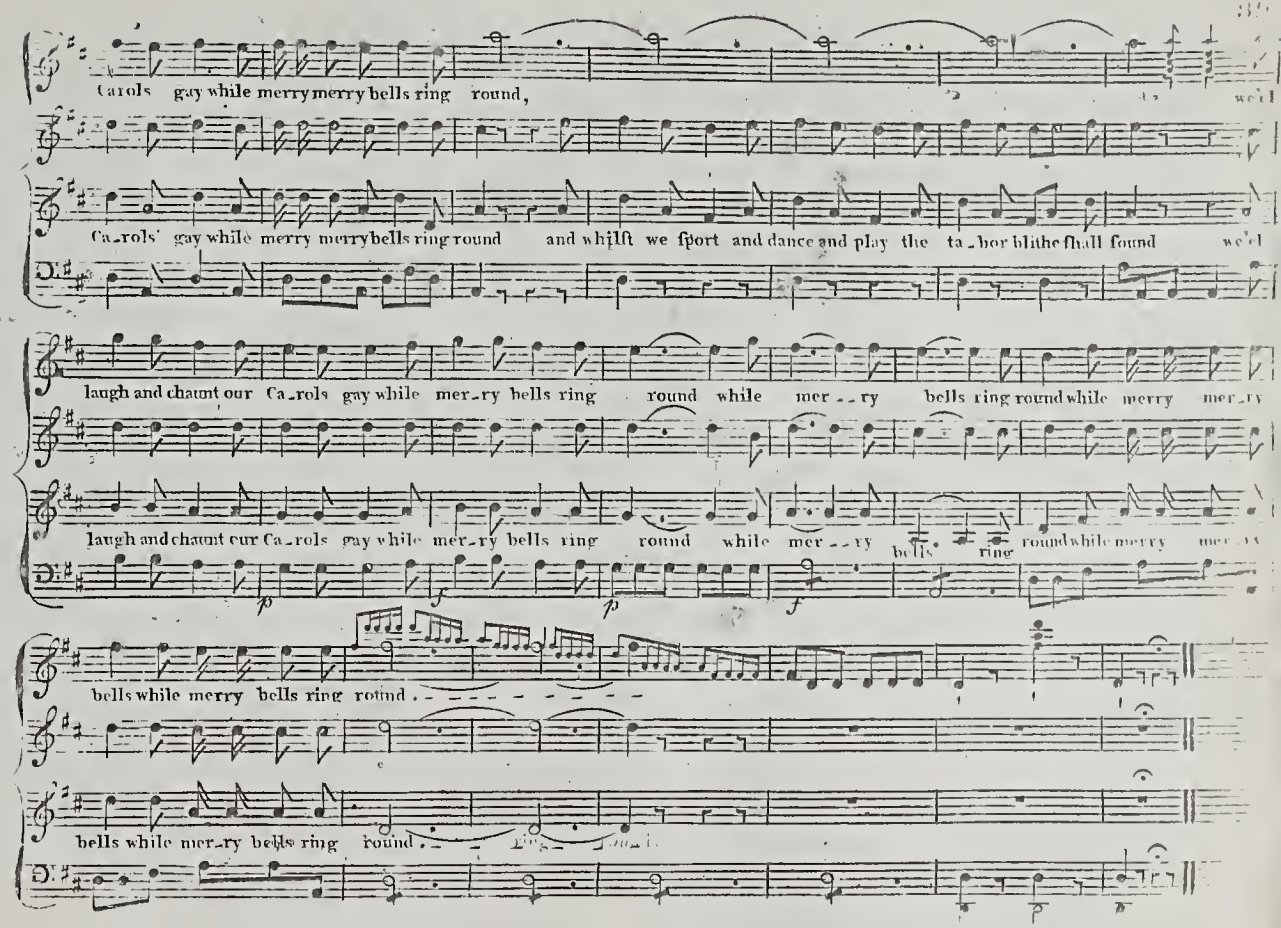
Chorus *f*

Shepherd Lads and Maids advance & neatly trim be feen, to nightwe'el lead the merry dance in circles o'er the green.

Shepherd lads and Maids advance & neatly trim be feen, to nightwe'el lead the merry dance in circles o'er the green.


Louisa
Beyond our hopes by fortune crown'd here all our troubles ceafe each year that takes that takes its Jocund round fhall bring
Frederic
Beyond our hopes by fortune crown'd here all our troubles ceafe each year that takes that takes its Jocund round fhall
p
content fhall bring fhall bring content and peace Let Shepherd Lads and Maids advance and neat_ly trim be
bring con_tent fhall bring fhall bring con_tent and peace
William
Let Shepherd Lads and Maids advance and neat_ly trim be
p
Chorus
MARGARET
feen to night we'll lead the mer_ry dance in circles o'er the green.
and whilft we ſport and
feen to night we'll lead the mer_ry dance in circles o'er the green.
Chorus f
p


dance and play the ta-borblithe shall sound the ta-borblithe the ta borblithe we'el laugh and chaunt our
Carols gay we'el chaunt our Carols gay while merry merry bells ring round.
Carillon
Now mirth and glee and pastimes light the fro-lick hours shall share and sparkling eyes shall wake to night To-
Cho.s f
DOROTHY
CROP
Now mirth and glee and pastimes light the frolick hours shall share and sparkling eyes shall wake to night To-
p
Cho.s f
-morrows time for care. and whilst we sport and dance and play the ta-borblithe shall sound. we'll laugh and chaunt our
-morrows time for care. and whilst we sport and dance and play the ta-bor blithe shall sound. we'll laugh and chaunt our


Carols gay while merry merry bells ring round,
Ca_rols gay while merry merry bells ring round and whilst we sport and dance and play the ta_bor blithe shall sound
laugh and chaunt our Ca_rols gay while mer_ry bells ring round while mer_ry bells ring round while merry mer_ry
laugh and chaunt our Ca_rols gay while mer_ry bells ring round while mer_ry bells ring round while merry mer_ry
bells while merry bells ring round
bells while mer_ry bells ring round